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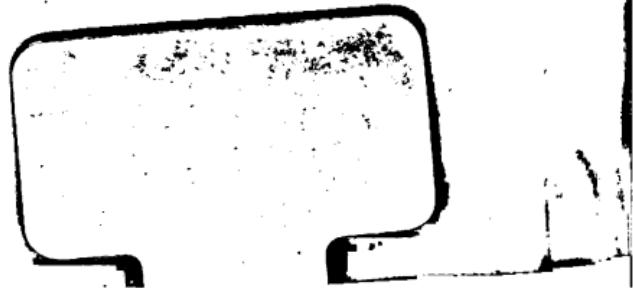
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# P O E M S

O N

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

*By* S T E P H E N D U C K.



Printed for JOHN OSBORN, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pater-Noster-Row*; SAMUEL BIRT, at the *Bible and Ball* in *Ave-Mary Lane*; and JAMES HODGES, at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*. 1738.





TO THE  
QUEEN.

*M A D A M,*

HE great Honour Your Majesty has done me, in giving me Leave to prefix Your Royal Name to the following Poems, does not encourage me to presume they are worthy to be laid at Your

Feet on any other Account, but only as they are an humble Tribute of Duty, offer'd from a thankful Heart to a gracious Benefactress. Your Majesty has indeed the same Right to them, as You have to the Fruits of a Tree, which You have transplanted out of a barren Soil into a fertile and beautiful Garden. It was Your Generosity which brought me out of Obscurity, and still condescends to protect me; like the Supreme Being, who continually supports the meanest Creature, which his Goodness has produc'd.

I have Room here to expatiate upon a very inviting Subject; but  
Your

Your Majesty has nobly prevented all Panegyric, even from the best Pens, by building Your *Fame* on a much more lasting Basis, than that of *Praise* in *Dedications*. Your Encouragements of *Arts* and *Sciences*, Your Esteem and Friendship for all Defenders of Truth, while they are living, the Regard You pay to their Memories when dead, and your generous Care of their Widows and Orphans, record Your Virtues in such Characters as will ever be legible. Your Christian Love to Mankind, Your zealous Endeavours to promote *Religion*, a Soul made tender to feel our Misfortunes, and a Will inclin'd to redress them, are such amiable and heavenly Qualities,

as shine best by their own Light,  
and can receive no Lustre from  
the finest Description.

May Heaven long preserve Your  
Majesty to practise all these Vir-  
tues, to be a perpetual Source of  
Comfort and Joy to our glorious  
Monarch, a Blessing to the Nation,  
and a noble Pattern of Beneficence  
and Generosity to future Queens.  
Your Majesty's great Goodness to  
myself draws this Prayer from a  
Heart fill'd with Gratitude. As  
there is so little Merit in what You  
now honour with Your Royal Pro-  
tection, I shall endeavour to sup-  
ply the Defects, the only Way that  
is in my Power by my Thanks,  
and Prayers for Your Majesty:

*These*

*DEDICATION.* ix

*These I will ever continue, and  
always make it my greatest Ambi-  
tion to shew with what profound  
Respect I am,*

*M A D A M,*

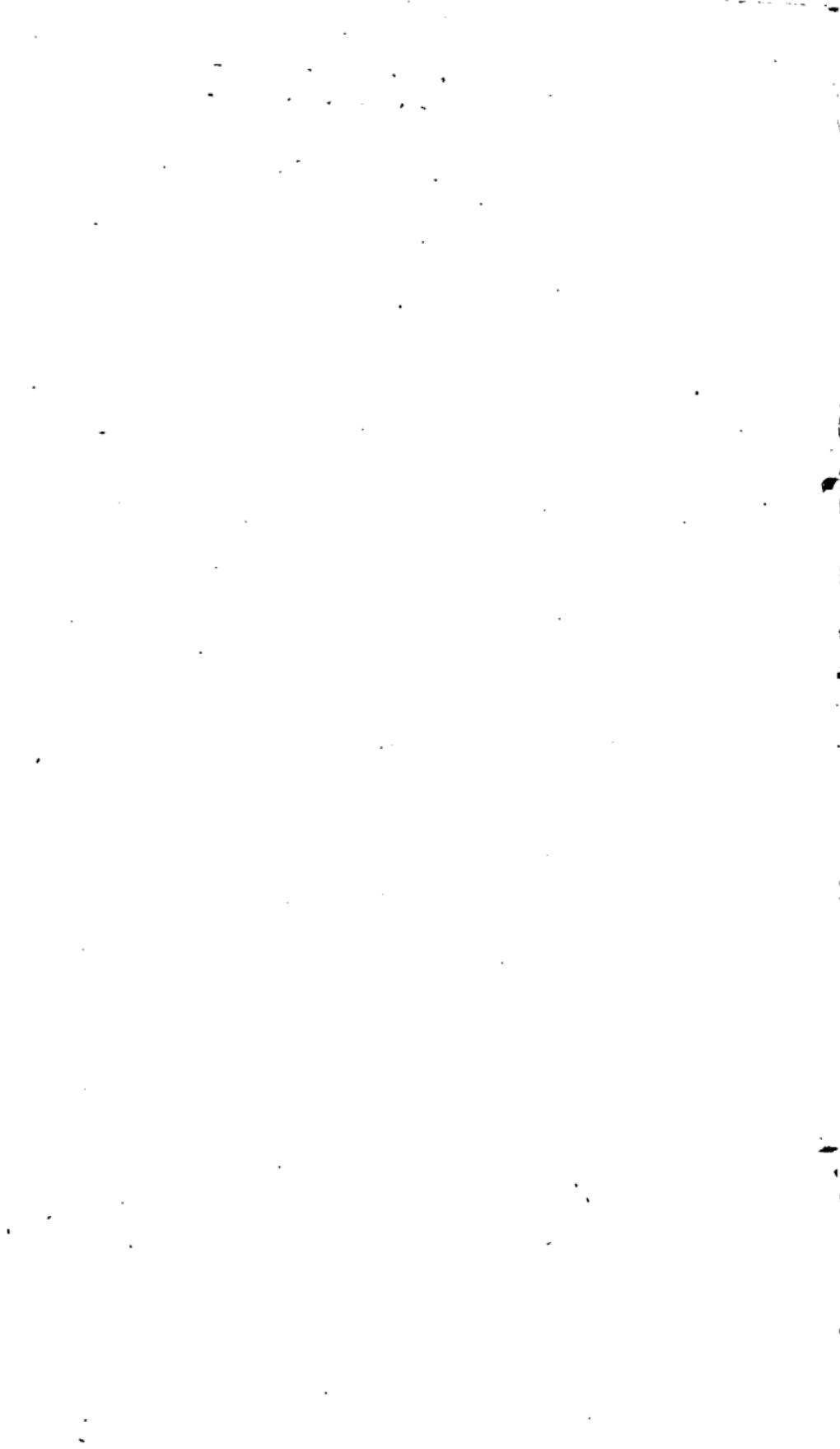
*Your M A J E S T Y ' s*

*Most Grateful,*

*Most Devoted, and*

*Most Dutiful Servant,*

*Stephen Duck.*





T H E

# P R E F A C E.

**W**HAT I propose in this Preface, is only to bespeak the Reader's Good-nature, and to say something which may incline him to pardon what he cannot commend. I have indeed but a poor Defence to make for the Things I have wrote: I dont think them good, and better Judges

Judges will doubtless think worse of  
of them than I do. Only this, I  
believe, I may say of them, That,  
if they have nothing to delight those  
who may chance to read them, they  
have nothing to give Modesty a  
Blush; if nothing to entertain and  
improve the Mind, they have no-  
thing to debase and corrupt it.

ANOTHER Motive, that  
I hope may induce the Reader to  
overlook the Defects in this Volume,  
is, That the oldest Poem in it is  
little more than six Years of Age;  
and a considerable Part of the Time  
since that was writ, has been spent  
in endeavouring to learn a Language,  
of which I was then entirely igno-  
rant;

rant; tho' I fear, the few Attempts I have made in Translations, will too well convince the Public, to how little Purpose I have employ'd my Time. I confess myself guilty of a great Presumption in publishing Imitations of Horace, when many eminent Hands have done it much better before me: But when I was only endeavouring to understand him, I found it difficult to conquer a Temptation I had to imitate some of his Thoughts, which mightily pleas'd me. If I may be forgiven this Experiment, I promise to trouble the World with nothing of this Nature again, at least, till I may be able to do my Author more Justice.

*I have not myself been so fond of writing, as might be imagin'd from seeing so many Things of mine as are got together in this Book. Several of them are on Subjects that were given me by Persons, to whom I have such great Obligations, that I always thought their Desires Commands. My Want of Education will be too evident from them, for me to mention it here. And I hope, when the Reader weighs my Performances, he will put that, and other Disadvantages into the Scale.*

*I am afraid, the Letter relating to myself, wrote by a worthy and learned*

learned Gentleman, will be thought an improper Thing in a Publication made by myself: But, as I was desir'd to prefix it, by Persons whom I think it an Honour to obey, I hope it will be pardon'd; and the rather, because a very false Account had been publish'd before, by a Person who seems to have had as little Regard for Truth, as he had for Honesty, when he stole my Poems.

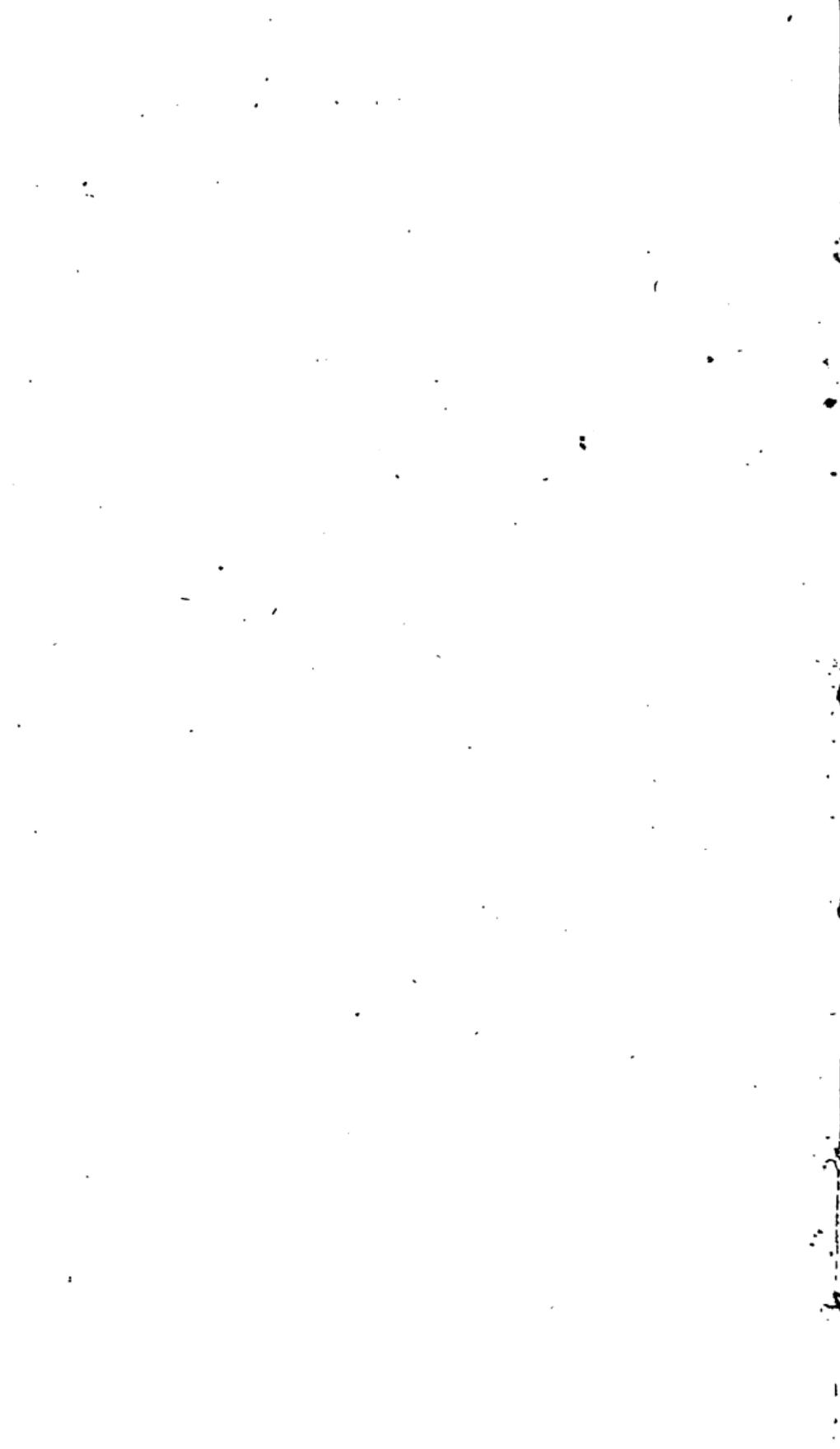
I would willingly here make known my Obligations to those worthy Persons who first took Notice of me in the midst of Poverty and Labour, were I not afraid, my Gratitude, thus publickly express'd, would offend

offend them more than my Silence: However, I must beg leave to return my Thanks to a Reverend Gentleman of Wiltshire, and to another of Winchester: The former made my Life more comfortable, as soon as he knew me; the latter, after giving me several Testimonies of his Bounty and Goodness, presented my first Essays to a Lady of Quality attending on the Queen, who made my low Circumstances known to Her Majesty.

I hope too, that all those Honourable Persons, whose Names do me so much Credit at the Beginning of my Book, in the Quarto Edition, will accept my Acknowledgments and Thanks:

*Thanks for so liberal a Subscription:  
And as this Volume, I fear, will  
tell them, they have not encourag'd  
a Poet, I will endeavour to let  
them see they have been generous  
to an honest Man.*





THE LIFE OF STEPHEN DUCK

AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
AUTHOR

*In a LETTER to a FRIEND.*  
*Written in the Year 1730.*

SIR,



Don't wonder that you should desire so distinct an Account, how *Stephen Duck* came to write Verses, and how he manag'd in writing them. Philosophers find as much Subject for their Admiration in the minutest Bodies, as in the largest ; and a Poet from the Barn, tho' not

not so great a Man, is as great a Curiosity, as a Dictator from the Plough. I can be particular enough as to his first setting out in Poetry ; and, since you seem to desire it, shall give you all the Circumstances I could learn from a Week's Conversation with him in all his Simplicity ; without considering, that many of them, to a Person less curious, might appear too trifling to be mention'd even in a Letter.

My Friend *Stephen* had originally no other Teaching, than what enabled him to read, and write *English* ; he had never taken a single Step toward any other Language. As Arithmetick is generally join'd with this Degree of Learning, he had a little Share of that too. About his Fourteenth Year he was taken from School, and was afterwards successively engag'd in the several lowest Employments of a Country Life. This lasted for some Years ; so long, that he had forgot almost all the Arithmetick he had learn'd at School : However he read sometimes, and thought oftener. He had a certain Longing after Knowledge ; and when he reflected within himself on his Want of Education, he began to be particularly uneasy, that he should have forgot something of what he had learnt, even at the little School he had been at. He thought of this so often, that at last he resolv'd to try his own Strength ; and,

and, if possible, to recover his Arithmetick again.

His first Attempt of this Kind I take to have been about Six Years ago. Considering the Difficulties the poor Fellow lay under, this Inclination for Knowledge must have been very strong in him. He was then married, and at Service ; he had little Time to spare ; he had no Books, and no Money to get any : But he was resolv'd to go thro' with it ; and accordingly us'd to work more than other Day-labourers, and by that Means got some little Matter added to his Pay. This Overplus was at his own Disposal. With this he bought first a Book of Vulgar Arithmetic, then one of Decimal, and a third of Measuring of Land ; all which by Degrees he made himself a tolerable Master of, in those Hours he could steal from his Sleep, after the Labours of the Day.

WHERE there was such a Desire for Knowledge, there must be good Sense at bottom, and a Soul, at least, somewhat above the common Conversation he must meet with in his poor State of Life. I have ask'd him, whom he had that he could talk and converse with in the Country ; and was pleas'd to find him, in this Particular, happier than I expect-ed. He said, he had one dear Friend, that he  
men-

mention'd with uncommon Affection. They us'd to talk and read together, when they could steal a little Time for it. This Friend had been in a Service at *London* for two or three Years: He had an Inclination to Books; he had purchas'd some, and brought 'em down with him into the Country; and *Stephen* had always the Use of his little Library; which by this Time, possibly, may be increas'd to two or three dozen of Books. This Friend knew no more out of *English* than *Stephen*, but by talking together they mutually improv'd each other. *Stephen* is all Simplicity: He says, " That his Friend can talk better than " he, as having been more us'd to Company; " but that he himself has been more us'd to " Poetry, and in that can do better than his " Friend."

HAD it not been for this, *Stephen* must have been plac'd in the same Clas with *Hai Ebn Yokdhan*, and the young *Hermes* in Mr. *Ramsay's Cyrus*: but the Story of their Improvements without any Assistance agrees only with Romances; and you know, what I am writing to you is a true History. Our retir'd Philosopher had his Friend; and it seems to have been the greatest Happiness of his Life that he had one. They did not only read, but reason'd over Points together; and I have sometimes thought, how agreeable a Thing it would

would have been, to have been conceal'd within hearing of them, when they were in the midst of some of their most knotty Debates. We may imagine 'em both to have had good natural Sense, and a few good Books in common between 'em : Their Minds were their own ; neither improv'd, nor spoil'd, by laying in a Stock of Learning : They were perhaps equally well inclin'd to learn, both struggling for a little Knowledge ; and, like a Couple of Rowers on the same Bottom, while they were only striving perhaps, which should outdo his Companion, they were really each helping the other, and driving the Boat on the faster.

PERHAPS you would be willing to know what Books their little Library consisted of. I need not mention those of Arithmetic again, nor his Bible : *Milton*, the *Spectators*, and *Seneca*, were his first Favourites ; *Telemachus*, with another Piece by the same Hand, and *Ad-dison's Defence of Christianity*, his next. They had an *English* Dictionary, and a Sort of *English* Grammar, an *Ovid* of long standing with them, and a *Bysbe's Art of Poetry* of later Acquisition : *Seneca's Morals* made the Name of *l'Efrange* dear to them ; and, as I imagine, might occasion their getting his *Josephus* in Folio, which was the largest Purchase in their Collection : They had one Volume of *Shakespear*

*spear*, with Seven of his Plays in it. Beside these, *Stephen* had read three or four other Plays ; some of *Epictetus*, *Waller*, *Dryden's Virgil*, *Prior*, *Hudibras*, *Tom Brown*, and the *London Spy*. You may see I am a faithful Historian, by my giving you the Bad with the Good.

WITH these Helps *Stephen* is grown something of a Poet, and something of a Philosopher. I find by him, that from his Infancy, he has had a Cast in his Mind toward Poetry. He has delighted, as far back as he can remember, in Verses, and in Singing. He speaks of strange Emotions that he has felt on the top Performances of the little Choir of Songsters in a Country Chancel ; and mentions his first hearing of an Organ, as a remarkable Epocha of his Life. He seems to be a pretty good Judge too of a musical Line ; but I imagine, that he does not hear Verses in his own Mind, as he repeats them. I don't know whether you understand me. I mean, that his Ideas of Notes in a Verse, and his Manner of repeating the same Verse, are often different : For he points out an harmonious Line well enough ; and yet he generally spoils its Harmony by his Way of speaking it.

WHAT first gave him a higher Taste of Poetry, than he had been us'd to, was *Milton's Para-*

*Paradise Lost.* This came oddly enough into his Hands ; and when I see you, I'll tell you the History of it. *Stephen* read it over twice or thrice with a Dictionary, before he could understand the Language of it thoroughly. This, and a Sort of *English* Grammar they had, have been of the greatest Use to him of any Thing.

INDEED it seems plain to me, that he has got *English* just as we get *Latin*. He study'd *Paradise Lost*, as others study the Classics. The new Beauties in that Poem, that was continually opening upon his Mind, made his Labour easy to him. He work'd all Day for his Master ; and, after the Labour of the Day, set to his Books at Night. The Pains he has taken for the Pleasure of improving himself are incredible ; but it has answer'd too beyond what one could have expected ; for he seems to understand some of the great and deeper Beauties of that Poem tolerably well ; and points out several particular Beauties in it, which it requires a good nice Eye to discover.

\*TWA'S his Friend that help'd him to the *Spectators* ; they read them often together, and often by themselves. *Stephen* tells me, that he has frequently carry'd them with him to his Work. When he did so, his Method

was to labour harder than any body else, that he might get Half an Hour to read a *Spectator*, without injuring his Master. By this means he us'd to sit down all over Sweat and Heat, without regarding his own Health, and often to the Prejudice of it. If this affects you, as it has me, I ought not to pass it over, that you may not lose the Pleasure of so strong an Instance of Honesty and Industry mix't together.

THE *Spectators* improv'd his Understanding, he says, more than any Thing. The Copies of Verses scatter'd in those Pieces, help'd on his natural Bent that Way; and made him willing to try, whether he could not do something like 'em. He sometimes turn'd his own Thoughts into Verse, while he was at Work; and at last began to venture those Thoughts a little on Paper. What he did of this Kind, was very inconsiderable; only scatter'd Thoughts, and generally not above Four or Five Lines on the same Subject; which, as there was nobody thereabouts that car'd for Verses, nor any body that could tell him whether they were good or bad, he generally flung into the Fire, as soon as he had pleas'd himself enough in reading them.

WHATEVER Care he took to burn these little Pieces, he found it not sufficient to conceal

ceal them. The Thing took Air ; and *Stephen*, who had before the Name of a Scholar among the Country People, was said now to be able to write Verses too. This was mention'd accidentally, about a Year ago, before a young Gentleman of *Oxford*, who sent for *Stephen* ; and after some Talk with him, desir'd him to write him a Letter in Verse. That Letter is the Epistle which stands the last in his Poems, but was the first whole Copy of Verses that ever he wrote. This happen'd to fall into the Hands of some Clergymen in the Neighbourhood, who were very well pleas'd with it ; and upon examining him, found the Man had a good deal of Merit. They gave him some Presents, which, as Things stood then, were a great Help to him ; and encourag'd him to go on as much, as they could.

THIS made him proceed with more Courage : And, as he had wrote some scatter'd Verses on *Poverty*, before this happen'd, he carry'd those Thoughts on, and fill'd it up, as it stands at present in the printed Collection I send you : So that this is his second Copy. I am very careful in settling the Chronology of his Poems, that you may see how he has gone on Step by Step, if you please.

THE Composition which was next in Order, is that on his own *Labours*: That Subject was given him by one of those who first encourag'd him; and after this was finiih'd, he was employ'd from the same Quarter in his *Shunammite*. As this exceeded any of the rest, I think from hence we may date the *Æra* of his rising in Character and Circumstances. Upon this it was that Persons of Distinction began to send for him different Ways. In short, it got him Fame enough to be pretty troublesome to him at first; tho' it is likely to end in a much happier Settlement of him and his Affairs, than could ever have been dreamt of by him at his first setting out.

WHEN you have read his Poems, and consider the Manner he has been bred up in, I doubt not you will think they have their Merit: But I assure you, they give an imperfect Idea of the Man; and, to know how much he deserves, one should converse with him, and hear on what Reasons he omitted such a Part, and introduc'd another; why he shortens his Stile in this Place, and enlarges in that; whence he has such a Word, and whence such an Idea. I'll give you all I can recollect of this kind, in relation to what is generally reckon'd the

the best Thing he has wrote, *The Shunammite.*

In the first Place, I found upon enquiry, that he wrote by a Plan ; he thought over all the Parts, as he intended to use them, before he made the Verses. For a Poem of any Length, no doubt 'tis as necessary to do this, as it is to have a Draught of a House, before you go to building it ; and yet I believe, the common Run of our Poets have generally thought themselves above it, or not thought of it at all. Tho' the *Shunammite* was written on a Story given to his Hand, still something of this Kind was convenient enough ; because, in forming it anew, he did not make use of all the Materials before him, and has brought in some of his own. He thought, the Stretching of the Prophet in so particular a Manner, must sound strange. The Woman introduc'd to tell her Story, is a new Cast of his own ; so is her Doubting, and then confirming herself again, by a particular Induction of all *Elisba's* Miracles ; so the bringing an Audience about her, and their Chorus's, when they join together in congratulating her Happiness ; the last of which closes the Poem in a good proper Manner.

U P O N being ask'd, Why he introduc'd a Person to tell all the Story in the *Shunamite*, and why he could not as well tell it himself ; he said, he had read *Prior's Solomon* ; and that, in reading it, *Solomon's* speaking every thing touch'd him particularly. He was then ask'd, since it was to be spoken, why he did not rather chuse the Prophet, as the Person of the greater Dignity, to speak it. He said to this, That the Woman was to be pity'd ; That there seem'd to be \* some Expressions of the Woman in the History, which, if not omitted, might lessen our Regard and Compassion for her ; That, if the Prophet had related the Thing, he could not have omitted a Word ; but when the Woman did, she might well be allow'd to soften her own Case ; and to drop, when she was cool, any thing wrong, that she said in the Violence of her Grief and Passion. This is rather fuller in Words than he express'd it ; but nothing, I think, is added to his Meaning.

A.s.

\* Such as these :

Ver. 16. *And she said ; Nay, my Lord, thou Man of God, do not lye unto thy Handmaid.*

Ver. 28. *Did I desire a Son of my Lord, Did I not say, Do not deceive me ?*

As *Milton* had been his favourite Poet, you may wonder why none of his Pieces are in Blank Verse. I ask'd him about this too : Upon which he told me, That he had originally written the whole *Shunammite* in Blank Verse ; That, upon reading it over, he found his Language was not sublime enough for it ; and that therefore he was forc'd to write it all over again, and turn it into Rhyme.

Upon reading over the Chapter and his Poem together, you will see how justly he shortens and enlarges some of the particular Passages, in order to adapt them the more to Poetry. Befides some Things already mention'd, he drops several little Circumstances in it. On the † other hand, he enlarges on the (1) Contentedness and Charities of the Woman ; on the (2) Look and Attitude of the Prophet ; on her (3) Thanks for bearing a Son ; on (4) the Death of the Child ; on the (5) Reasons of her Confidence in the Prophet ; on (6) pointing out the Prophet, when she comes to him ; and in (7) his Answer ;

[ a 4 ]      in

† See 2 Kings, Chap. iv. Verses 10, 12, 14, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 34, and 35.

(1) Line 33 to 49. (2) 55, &c. (3) 76. (4) 112 to 134. (5) 152, &c. See 205. (6) 211. (7)

in her (8) pressing the Prophet more earnestly to assist her ; in (9) pointing out the dead Child ; his being (10) freed from Death ; and her Thoughts (11) upon receiving him again into her Arms.

'T is agreeable to see what Use he has made of the little Reading he can have had, and how he has improv'd the Thing, by observing some good Strokes in the Books he has met with. Upon my telling him, that I lik'd nothing better in it, than his altering \* the Prophet's Countenance as he does ; he said, he took that Hint from *Telemachus* ; where the young Prince comes to *Idomeneus*'s Court, while they are sacrificing. The Priest, on seeing *Telemachus*, breaks off from what he was about, assumes a more inspir'd Air, and begins speaking of his future Fortunes. This Alteration of the Prophet's Countenance, *Stephen* says, he took from thence ; but that at the same Time he thought himself oblig'd to drop the Wildness and Enthusiasm of it, in order to adapt it more to the Nature of a true Prophet.

THE Chorus in the Close of the *Shunammite*, he said, was brought into his Mind by the † general Rejoicing of the Angels in *Milton*, upon God's finishing the Creation of the World.

(8) Line 232. (9) 246. (10) 258. (11) 266.

\* From Line 55 to 63

† *Paradise Lost*, Book 7. Line 565, and 602.

World. The first Chorus was not in the Work originally ; he inserted it, when he new-form'd it all into Rhyme.

He had also been very careful as to single Words ; and had Authorities to produce in several little Particulars, where one would not expect it. For (1) *flow'ry Carmel*, he quotes Mr. Pope ; and the Prophet's Arbour on the Top of that Mount is cover'd with (2) *Vines*, on the Authority of Mr. Sandys in his Travels ; For the Words (3) *adust* and *supernal*, he refers to Milton : (4) *Fanatic* he uses according to the true, and not the Vulgar Sense of the Word ; he had learn'd the proper Meaning of it from the Dictionary : (5) *Dilated Heart*, as spoken of Sorrow, is certainly a Fault but it is a Fault that *Stephen* was naturally enough led into by the common Notions and Expressions in the Country, of the Heart's *swelling* and being ready to *burst* with Grief.

He owns his Faults very readily ; and if he thinks a Line of his better than ordinary, he will say so without any Reserve. He seems to be exceedingly open and honest in every Thing he says ; and 'twould be very difficult for you to be with him a Week, as I have been, without going away very much his Friend.

( a 5 )

(1) *The Shunammite*, Ver. 210. (2) 212. (3) 117, and 249. (4) 56. (5) 143.

THO'

THO' I have been so long in shewing you how critically he has proceeded as to his own Works; I shall add some of his Thoughts on the Works of others, to give you as full an Idea of him as I can.

THIS is not yet three Years ago that he first met with *Milton*; and I believe, that was the first Poet of real Value, that he ever study'd in earnest. He has assur'd me, with all his Innocence and Simplicity, that when he came afterwards to read *Addison's* Criticisms on *Milton* in the *Spectators*, 'twas a high Pleasure to him to find many Things mention'd there, in the Praise of *Milton*, exactly as he had before thought in reading him. Here we must depend on his Credit, which I need not tell you with me is very good.

THE Name of *Milton*, whom he admires and dotes on so particularly, has not prevail'd on him enough to make him like his *Paradise Regain'd*. In speaking of these two Poems, he said, "he wonder'd how *Milton* could write so incomparably well, " where he had so little to lead him; and " so very poorly, where he had more."

THE

THE *Spectators*, you know, he has read with great Pleasure, and great Improvement. I remember particularly, that on somebody's calling them *Prose*, he said, “ ‘Twas true, “ they were *Prose*; but there was something “ in ‘em, that pleas’d almost like *Verse*.”— He mention’d, with more Regard than usual, the critical Papers on *Wit*, those on *Milton*, the *Justum & tenacem* from *Horace*, Mr. Pope’s *Messiah*, and the several scatter’d ones written in the Cause of Virtue and Religion.

UPON asking him what Plays he had read, he nam’d particularly *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Cato*, *Venice Preserv’d*, and *the Orphan*. *Venice Preserv’d*, he said, gave him the most *Horror*; a Word which I took Notice he us’d sometimes for Sorrow, and sometimes in its proper Sense: He could not bear the comic Parts in it. *Hamlet* he lik’d better than *Julius Cæsar*; and in *Hamlet* pointed out that celebrated Speech, *To be, or not to be, &c.* as having been his favourite Part, merely of his own Taste. He did not admire *Shakespear’s Comedy*; and said, “ He was too high, and too low.” I read over to him some of *Hamlet*, and the celebrated Speeches of *Antony* to the People in *Julius Cæsar*.

*Cæsar*. He trembled, as I read the Ghost's Speech ; and admir'd the Speeches and Turns in the Mob round *Cæsar's* Body, more, he said, than ever he had done before. As I was reading to him, I observ'd that his Countenance chang'd often in the most moving Parts : His Eye was quick and busy all the Time ; and, to say the Truth, I never saw Applause, or the shifting of proper Passions, appear so strongly in any Face as in his.

HE had formerly read *Tom Brown's Letters from the Dead*, and the *London Spy*, not without some Pleasure ; but, after he had been some time conversant with the *Spectators*, he said, " He did not care much to look into them." He spoke of *Hudibras* in another Manner ; he saw a great deal of Wit in it, and was particularly pleas'd with the Conjurer's Part in that Poem : But, after all, 'tis not a Manner of Writing that he can so sincerely delight in, as in the Moral, the Passionate, or the Sublime.

INDEED what every body seems to admire him for, is, that he seems to have an excellent moral Turn in his Thoughts. He is, as I told you before, something of a Philosopher ;

pher ; and, what is better than a Philosopher, a good honest-hearted Man. He has read, and speaks highly of, the Archbishop of Cambray's Demonstration of the Being of a God, and Mr. Addison's Defence of the Christian Religion. He said, " That they touch'd his Mind ; and that nothing did so well, as when one's Reason is mov'd by what is said." He had lik'd the little he had read of *Epictetus* ; but 'twas *Seneca* that had made him happy in his own Mind. He seems as yet not to be hurt at all by any Applauses that have been given him, and to have been perfectly contented with his Condition before : When he had only receiv'd some Presents from Gentlemen in the Country, he was quite easy as to his Circumstances. The only Thing then, that he was solicitous about, was, how he might succeed as to the Poetry he should be employ'd in. This was his chief Concern : But even this seem'd to proceed not so much from any Desire of Fame, as from a Principle of Gratitude ; or, as he express'd it, his Longing to please those Friends that had been so generous to him. He was not lifted up with the Character some People gave him, and talk'd of Fame absolutely like a Philosopher.

After

After his best Fortune, many of his Friends told him the Danger of being vain ; and, if he should once be so, that he would be as much despis'd as he had been applauded. He said, " That he could not well tell what they meant ; That he did not know what it was to be vain : But, since so many great Men, who knew the World so much better than he did, were apprehensive for him on that Head, he began to be terribly alarm'd at his Danger, tho' he had no settled Ideas of what it was." He was told upon this, That he should never speak too highly in Praise of the Poems he had written. He said, " If that was all, he was safe ; that was a Thing he could never do, for he could not think highly of them : Gentlemen indeed, he said, might like 'em, because they were made by a poor Fellow in a Barn ; but that he knew, as well as any body, that they were not really good in themselves."

Thus, Sir, I have obey'd your Commands as faithfully as I am able. You desired me not to spare Paper ; but to send you a Book rather than a Letter. You see I have taken you at your Word ; and that I am resolv'd in this, as well as in every thing

thing else, to shew you how punctually I  
would ever be,

S I R,

*Your most bumble Servant,*

J. S P E N C E.



2013-01-22



Upon Her M A J E S T Y's Bounty to  
the Thresher.

*Written in the Year 1730.*

TO clear the Muse, by Poverty opprest,  
To free from meaner Cares th'inspired Breast,  
To give the Genius Liberty to fly,  
And mount with easier Wings its native Sky,  
Was worthy HER, who always understood  
The noblest Use of Power was doing Good.

So, when the oaten Pipe's melodious Strain  
Reach'd CÆSAR's Royal Ear, nor reach'd in vain,  
Safe, and protected, for himself employ'd,  
His Song, his Harvest, TITYRUS enjoy'd;  
O'er his own Fields, his Flocks, and Cattle stray'd,  
And on the Mincie's Bank securely play'd.

WHAT

WHAT equal Hand shall now an Altar raise,  
Like that erected to AUGUSTUS Praise?  
From *Pindas* come, come, all ye tuneful Choir,  
And in this Work with various Arts conspire;  
Come all, by PALLAS, or by PHOEBUS taught,  
To form the Plan, or to express the Thought;  
Inscribe the Stone with CAROLINA's Name,  
Sacred to Her, and her immortal Fame;  
Firm fix the Basis, wreath the Foliage round,  
Begin the Rites, and let the Music sound.  
Ye Sons of *Cam* and *Iris*, leave the Shade;  
Be here your Duty, here your Off'rings paid;  
No longer let true Merit lie conceal'd,  
As soon rewarded, as to her reveal'd;  
Produce your Labours on the public Stage,  
And she shall raise a new *Augustan* Age.

J. WAINWRIGHT.

To



## To STEPHEN DUCK:

*Occasion'd by his Poem on FRIENDSHIP*

NO fancied Muse, nor *Heliconian Stream*,  
 Inspires my Verse, but thy well-chosen Theme;  
 Well-chosen, well-express'd, while, void of Art,  
 Thou speak'st the Dictates of an honest Heart.  
 Truth needs no specious Gloss; but, ever bright,  
 Shines, like the Sun, with pure unborrow'd Light;  
 And such thy pleasing Strains: No pompous Phrase  
 Bribes the unworthy with unhallow'd Praise;  
 No servile Flattery, nor dull Design,  
 Creeps, with soft Accent, thro' the fawning Line;  
 Nor jealous Envy rears its hateful Head,  
 To sting the Living, or revile the Dead;  
 Nor Malice, nor Caprice hast thou, like those,  
 Whose pointed Satire dares a thousand Foes:

(No

(Not but, if Fops lay Snares for Ridicule,  
 And Smartlings think it Wit to play the Fool,  
 Indignant Satire has a just Pretence,  
 With all her Whips to lash them into Sense)  
 To please, and only please, thy Nature tends,  
 And, Friend to all Men, makes them all thy Friends.

With double Transport therefore I peruse  
 The genuine Truths of your untutor'd Muse ;  
 While thus you teach us Friendship's sacred Law,  
 And are yourself the faithful Friend you draw—  
 So to those Priests we glad Attention give,  
 Whose Precepts Sanction for their Lives receive...

'Twas this that rais'd thee from thy lowly Seat,  
 'Tis this shall make thy Happiness complete ;  
 A Soul sincere, to Gratitude inclin'd,  
 An Heart untainted, and an humble Mind,  
 Inspir'd by these, write on, and charm the Age,  
 Nor dread the envious Critic's idle Rage :  
 For who the snarling ZOILUS regards,  
 When SPENCE approves, and CAROLINE rewards ?

T. M O R E L L.



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# POEMS

ON

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

---

*To a Gentleman, who requested a Copy of  
Verses from the Author.*

SIR,



Have, before the Time prescrib'd by you,  
Expos'd my weak Production to your  
[View ;  
Which may, I hope, have Pardon at your  
[Hand,  
Because produc'd to Light by your Com-  
[mand.

Perhaps you might expect some finish'd Ode,  
Or sacred Song, to sound the Praise of God ;  
A glorious Thought, and laudable ! But then  
Think what illit'rate Poet guides the Pen :  
Ill suit such Tasks with One who holds the Plough,  
Such lofty Subjects with a Fate so low.

B

SIR,

SIR, were your Eloquence and Learning mine,  
And I, like you, a Fav'rite of the Nine ;  
I quickly would *Parnassus*' Summit climb,  
And find a Hero worthy of my Rhyme :  
Nor should my Muse the *Grecian* Monarchs trace,  
Nor would I celebrate the *Trojan* Race ;  
Nor any of those martial Sons of Fame,  
Pagans, unworthy of a Christian's Theme.

Far nobler Thoughts my grateful Voice should raise,  
In lofty Strains, to great *MESIAH*'s Praise :  
I'd joyfully resound his wond'rous Birth,  
And paint his Godlike Virtues, whilst on Earth ;  
Then, with Reluctance, Horror, and Surprize,  
I'd mournfully relate his Agonies ;  
I'd trace the heavenly Hero to the Tree,  
Sing what he suffer'd there for you and me ;  
Next, in heroic Numbers, would I tell,  
How soon he baffled Death, and vanquish'd Hell,  
Subdu'd the Grave, and shew'd the glorious Way,  
From Realms of Darkness to eternal Day.  
Such noble Subjects should my Lays excite ;  
And you, my Patron, would in such delight ;

# On several Occasions.

3

Grateful to me, when you, well pleas'd, should view  
The accomplish'd sacred Song inscrib'd to you.

But now I must omit MESSIAH's Praise,  
Left I degrade him with unworthy Lays ;  
My Fate compels me silent to remain,  
For Want of Learning to improve my Strain :  
By which no Thought, tho' well conceiv'd, can rise  
To full Perfection, but in Embryo dies :  
Yet my unpolish'd Genius will produce,  
And bring forth Something, tho' of little Use.

Thus, in the Country, often have I found,  
Thro' slothful Man's Neglect, a Plat of Ground,  
Waste and uncultivated, void of Seeds,  
Producing Nothing, but some trifling Weeds.

But why stand I my Fate accusing so ?  
The Field calls me to Labour ; I must go :  
The Kine low after Meat ; the hungry Steed,  
Neighing, complains he wants his usual Feed.  
Then, Sir, adieu : Accept what you did crave,  
And be propitious to your humble Slave.

## On POVERTY.

**N**O Ill on Earth we tim'rous Mortals fly  
With so much Dread as abject Poverty:  
O despicable Name ! We, thee to shun,  
On ev'ry other Evil blindly run.  
For Fear of thee, distrustful Nigards go  
In tatter'd Rags, and starve their Bodies too,  
And still are poor, for Fear of being so.  
For Fear of thee, the cheating Trader vows,  
His Wares are good, altho' his Conscience knows,  
He has employ'd his utmost Skill and Care,  
To hide their Faults, and make their Beauties glare.  
The Sailor, terrify'd with Thoughts of thee,  
Boldly attempts the Dangers of the Sea ;  
From East to West, o'er Rocks and Quicksands steers ;  
'Tis Poverty, and that alone, he fears ;  
The Soldier too, whom nought but thee can scare,  
In Hopes of Plunder, bravely meets the War ;  
To fly from Poverty, he runs on Death,  
And shews he prizes Riches more than Breath.  
Strange Terror of Mankind ! By thee misled,  
Not Conscience, Quicksands, Rock, or Death they dread !

And

And yet thou art no formidable Foe,  
Except to little Souls, who think thee so :  
Who thro' the Glass of Prejudice survey  
Thy Face, a thousand frightful Forms display.

Thus Men, at Night, in foolish Fears grown old,  
Who mind the fairy Tales their Nurses told,  
Start at a Goblin, which their Fancy made,  
And, for a Spectre, often take a Shade..

CONTENTED Poverty's no dismal Thing;  
Free from the Cares unwieldy Riches bring;  
At Distance both alike deceive our View ;  
Nearer approach'd, they take another Hue.  
The poor Man's Labour relishes his Meat ;  
His Morsel's pleasant, and his Rest is sweet:  
Not so the Rich, who find their weary'd Taste  
Pall'd with the Prospect of the cumb'rous Feast ;  
For what they have more than they can enjoy,  
Instead of satisfying, does but cloy.

BUT let us state the Case another Way :  
Were Poverty so hideous as they say,

'Tis nobler chearfully to bear our Fate,  
Than murmur and repine beneath its Weight:  
That Man deserves the Praise of human Kind,  
Who bears ill Fortune with a Christian Mind,  
How does his great heroick Soul aspire  
Above that sordid Wealth the Rest admire !  
His nobler Thoughts are fix'd on Things above ;  
His faithful Eyes survey the God of Love :  
Hold forth the heavenly Prize, which makes him run  
His mortal Race, to gain th' immortal Crown.  
Not all the Snares a crafty Dev'l can lay,  
Can intercept, or daunt him in his Way.  
Not all the scornful Insults of the Proud,  
Not all the Censures of the grow'ling Croud,  
Not Poverty, in all her Terrors dress'd,  
Can shake the solid Quiet of his Breast :  
Unmov'd he stands against the worst of Foes,  
And mocks the Darts, which adverse Fortune throws,  
Calm and compos'd, amidst or Ease or Pain ;  
And finds Content, which others seek in vain.

So stands a steady Rock, sublimely steep,  
Within the Confines of the briny Deep ;

Lash'd by the foaming Surge on ev'ry Side,  
Yet can't be shaken by the furious Tide.

Then why should Phantoms discompose the Mind ;  
Or Woes, so far from real, fright Mankind ?  
Since Wealth can never make the Vicious blest,  
Nor Poverty subdue the virtuous Breast ;  
Since both from Heav'n's unerring Hand are sent,  
Lord, give me either, give me but CONTENT.



### *The THRESHER's LABOUR.*

*To the Reverend Mr. STANLEY.*

THE grateful Tribute of these rural Lays,  
Which to her Patron's Hand the Muse conveys,  
Deign to accept : 'Tis just she Tribute bring  
To him, whose Bounty gives her Life to sing ;  
To him, whose gen'rous Favours tune her Voice ;  
And bid her, 'midst her Poverty, rejoice.  
Inspir'd by these, she dares herself prepare,  
To sing the Toils of each revolving Year ;

Those endless Toils, which always grow anew,  
 And the poor *Thresher's* destin'd to pursue :  
 Ev'n these, with Pleasure, can the Muse rehearse,  
 When you and Gratitude demand her Verse.

Soon as the golden Harvest quits the Plain,  
 And CERES' Gift's reward the Farmer's Pain ;  
 What Corn each Sheaf will yield, intent to hear,  
 And guess from thence the Profits of the Year,  
 He calls his Reapers forth : Around we stand,  
 With deep Attention, waiting his Command.  
 To each our Task he readily divides,  
 And pointing, to our diff'rent Stations guides.  
 As he directs, to distant Barns we go ;  
 Here two for Wheat, and there for Barley two.  
 But first, to shew what he expects to find,  
 These Words, or Words like these disclose his Mind :

“ So dry the Corn was carry'd from the Field,  
 “ So easily 'twill thresh, so well 'twill yield ;  
 “ Sure large Day's-Works I well may hope for now :  
 “ Come, strip, and try ; let's see what you can do.”

Divested of our Cloaths, with Flail in Hand,  
At proper Distance, Front to Front we stand :  
And first the Threshal's gently swung, to prove,  
Whether with just Exactness it will move :  
That once secure, we swiftly whirl them round ;  
From the strong Planks our Crab-tree Staves rebound,  
And echoing Barns return the rattling Sound. }  
Now in the Air our knotty Weapons fly,  
And now with equal Force descend from high ;  
Down one, one up, so well they keep the Time,  
The Cyclops' Hammers could not truer chime ;  
Nor with more heavy Strokes could *Aetna* groan,  
When *Vulcan* forg'd the Arms for *Thetis'* Son.  
In briny Streams our Sweat descends apace,  
Drops from our Locks, or trickles down our Face.  
No Intermission in our Work we know ;  
The noisy Threshal must for ever go.  
Their Master absent, others safely play ;  
The sleeping Threshal does itself betray.  
Nor yet, the tedious Labour to beguile,  
And make the passing Minutes sweetly smile,

# IQ P O E M S

Can we, like Shepherds, tell a merry Tale ;  
The Voice is lost, drown'd by the louder Flail.  
But we may think——Alas! what pleasing Thing,  
Here, to the Mind, can the dull Fancy bring ?  
Our Eye beholds no pleasing Object here,  
No cheerful Sound diverts our list'ning Ear.  
The Shepherd well may tune his Voice to sing,  
Inspir'd with all the Beauties of the Spring.  
No Fountains murmur here, no Lambkins play,  
No Linnets warble, and no Fields look gay ;  
Tis all a gloomy, melancholy Scene,  
Fit only to provoke the Muse's Spleen.  
When sooty Pease we thresh, you scarce can know  
Our native Colour, as from Work we go :  
The Sweat, the Dust, and suffocating Smoke,  
Make us so much like *Ethiopians* look,  
We scare our Wives, when Ev'ning brings us home ;  
And frightened Infants think the Bugbear come.  
Week after Week, we this dull Task pursue,  
Unless when winn'wing Days produce a new ;  
A new, indeed, but frequently a worse !  
The Threshal yields but to the Master's Curse.  
He counts the Bushels, counts how much a Day ;  
Then swears we've idled half our Time away :

“ Why,

“ Why, look ye, Rogues, d’ye think that this will do?  
“ Your Neighbours thresh as much again as you.”  
Now in our Hands we wish our noisy Tools,  
To drown the hated Names of Rogues and Fools.  
But wanting these, we just like School-boys look,  
When angry Masters view the blotted Book:  
They cry, “ their Ink was faulty, and their Pen; ”  
We, “ the Corn threshes bad, ’twas cut too green.”

BUT soon as *Winter* hides his hoary Head,  
And Nature’s Face is with new Beauty spread;  
The lovely *Spring* appears, refreshing Show’rs  
New cloath the Field with Grass, and blooming Flow’rs.  
Next her the rip’ning *Summer* presses on,  
And Sol begins his longest Race to run.  
Before the Door our welcome Master stands;  
Tells us the ripen’d Grass requires our Hands.  
The grateful Tiding presently imparts  
Life to our Looks, and Spirits to our Hearts.  
We wish the happy Season may be fair;  
And, joyful, long to breathe in op’ner Air.  
This Change of Labour seems to give such Ease,  
With Thoughts of Happiness ourselves we please.

But,

But, ah ! how rarely's Happiness complete !  
There's always Bitter mingled with the Sweet.  
When first the Lark sings Prologue to the Day,  
We rise, admonish'd by his early Lay ;  
This new Employ with eager Haste to prove,  
This new Employ, become so much our Love.  
Alas ! that human Joys shou'd change so soon !  
Our Morning Pleasure turns to Pain at Noon.  
The Birds salute us, as to Work we go,  
And with new Life our Bosoms seem to glow.  
On our right Shoulder hangs the crooked Blade,  
The Weapon destin'd to uncloath the Mead :  
Our left supports the Whetstone, Scrip, and Beer ;  
This for our Scythes, and these ourselves to clear.  
And now the Field, design'd to try our Might,  
At length appears, and meets our longing Sight.  
The Grass and Ground we view with careful Eyes,  
To see which Way the best Advantage lies ;  
And, Hero-like, each claims the foremost Place.  
At first our Labour seems a sportive Race :  
With rapid Force our sharpen'd Blades we drive,  
Strain ev'ry Nerve, and Blow for Blow we give.  
All strive to vanquish, tho' the Victor gains,  
No other Glory, but the greatest Pains.

But

BUT when the scorching Sun is mounted high,  
And no kind Barns with friendly Shade are nigh ;  
Our weary Scythes entangle in the Grass,  
While Streams of Sweat run trickling down apace.  
Our sportive Labour we too late lament ;  
And wish that Strength again, we vainly spent.

THUS, in the Morn, a Courier have I seen.  
With headlong Fury scour the level Green ;  
Or mount the Hills, if Hills are in his Way,  
As if no Labour could his Fire allay ;  
Till PHOEBUS, shining with meridian Heat,  
Has bath'd his panting Sides in briny Sweat :  
The lengthen'd Chace scarce able to sustain,  
He measures back the Hills and Dales with Pain..

WITH Heat and Labour tir'd, our Scythes we quit,  
Search out a shady Tree and down we sit :  
From Scrip and Bottle hope new Strength to gain ;  
But Scrip and Bottle too are try'd in vain.  
Down our parch'd Throats we scarce the Bread can get ;  
And, quite o'erspent with Toil, but faintly eat.  
Nor can the Bottle only answer all ;  
The Bottle and the Beer are both too small.

Time flows: Again we rise from off the Grass;  
Again each Mower takes his proper Place;  
Not eager now, as late, our Strength to prove;  
But all contented regular to move.  
We often whet, and often view the Sun;  
As often wish, his tedious Race was run.  
At length he veils his purple Face from Sight,  
And bids the weary Labourer, Good Night.  
Homewards we move, but spent so much with Toil,  
We slowly walk, and rest at ev'ry Stile.  
Our good expecting Wives, who think we stay,  
Got to the Door, soon eye us in the Way.  
Then from the Pot the Dumplin's catch'd in Haste,  
And homely by its Side the Bacon plac'd.  
Supper and Sleep by Morn new Strength supply;  
And out we set again, our Work to try;  
But not so early quite, nor quite so fast,  
As, to our Cost, we did the Morning past.

Soon as the rising Sun has drank the Dew,  
Another Scene is open to our View:  
Our Master comes, and at his Heels a Throng  
Of prattling Females, arm'd with Rake and Prong;

Prepar'd, whilst he is here, to make his Hay ;  
Or, if he turns his Back, prepar'd to play ;  
But here, or gone, sure of this Comfort still ;  
*Here's Company, so they may chat their Fill.*  
Ah ! were their Hands so active as their Tongues,  
How nimbly then would move the Rakes and Prongs !

**T**HE Grass again is spread upon the Ground,  
Till not a vacant Place is to be found ;  
And while the parching Sun-beams on it shine,  
The Hay-makers have Time allow'd to dine,  
That soon dispatch'd, they still sit on the Ground ;  
And the brisk Chat, renew'd, afresh goes round.  
All talk at once ; but seeming all to fear,  
That what they speak, the rest will hardly hear ;  
Till by degrees so high their Notes they strain,  
A Stand-by can nought distinguish plain.  
So loud's their Speech, and so confus'd their Noise,  
Scarce puzzled Echo can return the Voice.  
Yet, spite of this, they bravely all go on ;  
Each scorns to be, or seem to be, outdone.  
Mean-while the changing Sky begins to lour,  
And hollow Winds proclaim a sudden Show'r ;

# 16 P O E M S.

The tattling Croud can scarce their Garments gain,  
Before descends the thick impetuous Rain ;  
Their noisy Prattle all at once is done,  
And to the Hedge they soon for Shelter run..

Thus have I seen, on a bright Summer's Day,  
On some green Brake, a Flock of Sparrows play ;  
From Twig to Twig, from Bush to Bush they fly ;  
And with contiupued Chirping fill the Sky :  
But, on a sudden, if a Storm appears,  
Their chirping Noise no longer dins our Ears :  
They fly for Shelter to the thickest Bush ;  
There silent sit, and all at once is hush..

But better Fate succeeds this rainy Day,  
And little Labour serves to make the Hay.  
Fast as 'tis cut, so kindly shines the Sun,  
Turn'd once or twice, the pleasing Work is done.  
Next Day the Cocks appear in equal Rows,  
Which the glad Master in safe Ricks bestows..

The spacious Fields we now no longer range ;  
And yet, hard Fate ! still Work for Work we change.

Back

Back to the Barns we hastily are sent,  
Where lately so much Time we penitive spent :  
Nor penitive now, we bless the friendly Shade ;  
And to avoid the parching Sun are glad.  
Yet little Time we in the Shade remain,  
Before our Master calls us forth again ;  
And says, " For Harvest now yourselves prepare ;  
" The ripen'd Harvest now demands your Care.  
" Get all Things ready, and be quickly drest ;  
" Early next Morn I shall disturb your Rest."  
Strict to his Word! for scarce the Dawn appears,  
Before his hasty Summons fills our Ears.  
His hasty Summons we obey ; and rise,  
While yet the Stars are glimam'ring in the Skies.  
With him our Guide we to the Wheat-field go,  
He to appoint, and we the Work to do.

Ye Reapers, cast your Eyes around the Field ;  
And view the various Scenes its Beauties yield.  
Then look again, with a more tender Eye,  
To think how soon it must in Ruin lie !  
For, once set in, where-e'er our Blows we deal,  
There's no resisting of the well-whet Steel :

But

But here or there, where-e'er our Course we bend,  
Sure Desolation does our Steps attend.

Thus, when *Arabia's Sons*, in Hopes of Prey,  
To some more fertile Country take their Way,  
How beauteous all Things in the Morn appear!  
There rural Cots, and pleasant Villa's here!  
So many grateful Objects meet the Sight,  
The ravish'd Eye could willing gaze till Night.  
But long 'ere then, where-e'er their Troope have past,  
These pleasing Prospects lie a gloomy Waste.

Thus Morning past, we sweat beneath the Sun;  
And but uneasily our Work goes on.  
Before us we perplexing Thistles find,  
And Corn blown adverse with the ruffling Wind.  
Behind our Master waits; and if he spies  
One charitable Ear, he grudging cries,  
" Ye scatter half your Wages o'er the Land."  
Then scrapes the Stubble with his greedy Hand.

Let those who feast at Ease on dainty Fare,  
Pity the Reapers, who their Feasts prepare:

For Toils scarce ever ceasing press us now ;  
Rest never does, but on the Sabbath, now ;  
And barely that our Masters will allow.  
Think what a painful Life we daily lead ;  
Each Morning early rise, go late to Bed :  
Nor, when asleep, are we secure from Pain ;  
We then perform our Labours o'er again :  
Our mimic Fancy ever restless seems ;  
And what we act awake, she acts in Dreams.  
Hard Fate ! our Labours ev'n in Sleep don't cease ;  
Scarce HERCULES e'er felt such Toils as these !

BUT soon we rise the bearded Crop again,  
Soon PHOEBUS' Rays well dry the golden Grain.  
Pleas'd with the Scene, our Master glows with Joy ;  
Bids us for Carrying all our Force employ ;  
When straight Confusion o'er the Field appears,  
And stunning Clamours fill the Workmens Ears ;  
The Bells and clashing Whips alternate sound,  
And rattling Waggons thunder o'er the Ground.  
The Wheat, when carry'd, Pease, and other Grain,  
We soon secure, and leave a fruitless Plain ;  
In noisy Triumph the last Load moves on,  
And loud Huzza's proclaim the Harvest done.

Our Master, joyful at the pleasing Sight,  
Invites us all to feast with him at Night.

A Table plentifully spread we find,  
And Jugs of humming Ale, to chear the Mind ;  
Which he, too gen'rous, pushes round so fast,  
We think no Toils to come, nor mind the past.  
But the next Morning soon reveals the Cheat,  
When the same Toils we must again repeat ;  
To the same Barns must back again return,  
To labour there for Room for next Year's Corn.

Thus, as the Year's revolving Course goes round,  
No Respite from our Labour can be found :  
Like SISYPHUS, our Work is never done ;  
Continually rolls back the restless Stone.  
New-growing Labours still succeed the past ;  
And growing always new, must always last.

The SHUNAMMITE.

To Mrs. STANLEY.

DEIGN, heav'nly Muses, to assist my Song :  
To heav'nly Muses heav'nly Themes belong.  
But chiefly Thou, O God, my Soul inspire,  
And touch my Lips with thy celestial Fire :  
If Thou delight'st in flow'ry Carmel's Shade,  
Or Jordan's Stream ; from thence I crave thy Aid :  
Instruct my Tongue, and my low Accents raise,  
To sing thy Wonders, and display thy Praise :  
Thy Praise let all the Sons of Judah hear,  
And to my Song the distant Tribes repair.

So pray'd the Shunammite ; Heav'n heard the Dame ;  
The distant Tribes around her list'ning came,  
To hear th' amazing Tale ; while thus her Tongue,  
Mov'd by some heav'nly Pow'r, began the Song.

ATTEND, ye Seed of ABRAHAM, and give Ear,  
While I JEHOVAH's glorious Acts declare :

How

How Life from Death, and Joy from Sadness spring,  
If He assist the Muse, the Muse shall sing.

My Lord and I, to whom all bounteous Heav'n  
His Blessings with no sparing Hand had giv'n,  
Like faithful Stewards of our wealthy Store,  
Still lodg'd the Stranger, and reliev'd the Poor.  
And as ELISHA, by divine Command,  
Came preaching Virtue to a sinful Land ;  
He often deign'd to lodge within our Gate,  
And oft receiv'd an hospitable Treat :  
A decent Chamber for him we prepar'd ;  
And He, the gen'rous Labour to reward,  
Honours in Camp, or Court, to us propos'd ;  
Which I refus'd, and thus my Mind disclos'd :

HEAV'N's King has plac'd us in a fertile Land,  
Where he show'st down his Gifts with copious Hand :  
Already we enjoy a fluent Store ;  
Why should we be solicitous for more ?  
Give martial Camps and kingly Courts to them,  
Who place their only Bliss in fleeting Fame :  
There let them live in golden Chains of State ;  
And be unhappy only to be great.

But

But let us in our native Soil remain,  
 Nor barter Happiness for sordid Gain.  
 Here may we feed the Indigent in Peace,  
 Or cloath the Bare with the superfluous Fleece,  
 And give the weary, fainting Pilgrim Ease.  
 This we prefer to Pomp, and formal Show,  
 Which only serve to varnish o'er our Woe ;  
 Resfulgent Ornaments, which dress the Proud,  
 Objects of Wonder to the gazing Croud ;  
 Yet seldom give Content, or solid Rest,  
 To the vain Man, by whom they are posses'd.

3

A L L Blessings, but a Child, had Heav'n supply'd ;  
 And only that th' Almighty had deny'd :  
 Which when the holy prescient Sage had heard,  
 He said, and I before him straight appear'd ;  
 And, as my Feet approach'd his awful Room,  
 I saw his Face diviner Looks assume :  
 Not such a Wildness, and fanatic Mein,  
 With which, some say, the *Delphic* Priests are seen ;  
 When they, for Mysteries of Fate, explain  
 The odd Chimera's of a frantic Brain ;  
 But with a grave majestic Air he stood,  
 While more than Human in his Aspect glow'd.

Celestial

Celestial Grace sat on his radiant Look,  
 And Pow'r diffusive shone, before he spoke.  
 Then thus: " Hail gen'rous Soul ! thy pious Cares  
 " Are not forgot, nor fruitless are thy Prayers :  
 " Propitious Heav'n, thy virtuous Deeds to crown,  
 " Shall make thy barren Womb conceive a Son."  
 So spake the Seer ; and, to compleat my Joy,  
 As he had spoke, I bore the promis'd Boy.

Soon to my Friends the welcome News was known,  
 Who crowded in apace to see my Son.  
 Hailing, with kind Salutes, the recent Child ;  
 And, with their pious Hymns, my Pain beguil'd.  
 When all had said, I mov'd my joyful Tongue ;  
 And thus to Heav'n address'd my grateful Song :

" O God, what Eloquence can sing thy Praise ?  
 " Or who can fathom thy stupendous Ways ?  
 " All Things obey at thy divine Command ;  
 " Thou mak'st a fruitful Field of barren Land :  
 " Obdurate Rocks a fertile Glebe shall be,  
 " And bring forth copious Crops, if bid by Thee ;  
 " Arabian Deserts shall with Plenty smile,  
 " And curling Vines adorn the sterile Soil."

As thus she spake, her Audience raise their Voice ;  
And interrupt her Song, as they rejoice :  
“ O GOD, we gladly hear thy mighty Pow’r,  
“ With joyful Heart thy gracious Name adore :  
“ All Nature is subservient to thy Word ;  
“ And shifts her wonted Course, to please her Lord.  
“ We for thy Servant’s Joy, our Thanks express ;  
“ As grows the Child, so may her Bliss increase :  
“ And may the Guardian Angels, who preside  
“ Over the Bless’d, his future Actions guide ;  
“ Make spotless Virtue crown his vital Date,  
“ And hoary Honour end his Life but late ;  
“ Then safely bear ”—The Dame here wav’d her Hand ;  
The People straight obey her mute Command :  
All silent stand, and all attentive look,  
Waiting her Words, while thus she mournful spoke :

ALL Pleasures are imperfect here below ;  
Our sweetest Joys are mix’d with bitter Woe :  
The Draught of Bliss, when in our Goblet cast,  
Is dash’d with Grief ; or spilt before we taste.  
Ere twice four Years were measur’d by my Son,  
(So soon, alas ! the greatest Blessing’s gone)

26 P O E M S

In Harvest-Time he to the Reapers goes,  
To view the bearded Sheaves, ~~erect~~ in Rows,  
Like an embattled Army in the Field ;  
A new delightful Prospect to the Child !  
But either there the scorching Sun display'd  
His Heat intense, and on his Vitals prey'd ;  
Or else some sudden apoplectic Pain,  
With racking Torture, seiz'd his tender Brain ;  
His Spirits fail'd, he straight began to faint,  
And to his Father vainly made Complaint :  
The glowing Rose was quickly seen to fade :  
At once his Beauty, and his Life decay'd.

Soon, at my House, the dismal News I heard ;  
Soon, at my House, the dying Child appear'd :  
T' embrace him I, with fond Affection, run ;  
And, O ! said I, what Pain afflicts my Son ?  
He try'd to speak ; but, fault'ring, gave a Groan ;  
No perfect Word proceeded from his Tongue ;  
But on his Lips the broken Accents hung.  
All Means I us'd, that might allay his Pain ;  
All Means I us'd, but us'd them all in vain.  
Yet, while he liv'd, my Soul would not despair ;  
Nor, till he ceas'd to breathe, I ceas'd my Pray'r :

Deluding

Deluding Hope now stopt the falling Tears ;  
Now his increasing Pains increas'd my Fears :  
By Hope and Fear alternate was I tost,  
Till Hope, in a sad Certainty was lost :  
Short, and more short, he drew his panting Breath,  
(Too sure Prefage of his approaching Death !)  
Till soon the Blood, congealing, ceas'd to flow ;  
He dropt his Head, with a declining Bow :  
Thrice, from my Breast, to raise himself he try'd,  
And thrice sunk down again ; then, groaning dy'd.

Thus, when with Care we've nurs'd a tender Vine,  
And taught the docile Branches where to twine ;  
An Eastern Gale, or some pernicious Frost,  
Nips the young Tree, and all our Labour's lost.

With Honor chil'd, a white I speechless stood,  
Viewing the Child, and trembling as I view'd :  
My Eyes discharg'd their humid Store apace,  
And Tears succeeded Tears adown my Face :  
Scarcely my Heart the Load of Grief sustain'd ;  
At length, recov'ring Speech, I thus complain'd :

O fleeting Joys, inconstant as the Wind!  
 Which only for a Moment please the Mind;  
 Then fly, and leave a Weight of Woes behind!  
 But yet in vain I thus lament and mourn;  
 The Soul, once fled, shall never more return;  
 And the fair Body now must be convey'd  
 To Earth's dark Bosom, and eternal Shade——  
 Yet let me not prescribe a Bound to Heav'n;  
 'Twas by a Miracle the Child was giv'n;  
 Nor can I think the Wonder is more great,  
 Should the departed Soul resume her Seat.  
 What if I to Mount *Carmel* haste away,  
 To him who did his mystic Birth display?  
 His pow'rful Word the Barren fruitful made;  
 His pow'rful Word, perhaps, may raise the Dead.  
 The famous *Tisbbite* rais'd a Widow's Son;  
*ELISHA* has as wond'rous Actions done.  
 When he to *Jordan's* rapid Torrent came;  
 And, with the Mantle, smote th' impetuous Stream;  
 Obsequious to the Stroke, the Waves divide;  
 And raise a liquid Wall on either Side!  
 At *Jericho* long had the barren Soil  
 Deceiv'd the Husbandman, and mock'd his Toil;

Yet,

Yet, at his Word, it grew a fertile Field,  
And poi's'ous Springs did wholesome Waters yield.  
Nor can he only such great Blessings send ;  
But Curses, if invok'd, his Call attend :  
Else how at *Betbel* brought he Vengeance down,  
As a just Scourge, on that opprobrious Town ?  
Again, when *Moab* Peace with *Israel* broke,  
And vainly strove to quit the servile Yoke ;  
Our pow'rful Kings led forth th' embattled Host  
Thro' *Edom*'s sultry Wilds, and Air adust ;  
Where the confed'rate Troops no Water found,  
Dry were the Springs, and sterile was the Ground ;  
The Captains wonted Strength and Courage fail'd,  
When Thirst and Foes at once their Host assail'd :  
The Kings to him their joint Petitions made,  
And fainting Soldiers crav'd his timely Aid ;  
Nor crav'd in vain : The pow'rful Word he spake :  
And flowing Waters form'd a spacious Lake ;  
The shining Streams advanc'd their humid Train,  
Till *Edom*'s Wilds became a liquid Plain :  
Not in more Plenty did the Waters run  
Out of the Rock, when struck by *AMRAM*'s Son -  
And who can that amazing Deed forget,  
Which he perform'd to pay the Widow's Debt ?

30 P O E M S

Whose Quantity of Oil one Pot contain'd ;  
Yet num'rous Vessels fill'd, before 'twas drain'd.  
Sure he, who such stupendous Acts has done,  
If God propitious prove, can raise my Son.

So saying, up I caught the Child with Speed ;  
And laid him on the sacred Propher's Bed ;  
Then call'd my Servant to prepare the Steed.  
Penfive and fad, my mourning Husband said,  
'Tis now in vain to crave ELISHA's Aid ;  
No God To-day the Propher does inspire ;  
Nor can he answer, what thou wouldst inquire.

RATHER than sink, said I, attempt to raise  
My Hopes, nor talk of ceremonial Days ;  
His God is present still, and hears him when he prays.  
Thus said, urging my Steed with eager Haste,  
Swift as a Mountain Roe, the Plains I pass'd ;  
O'er Hills and Dales my Journey I pursu'd ;  
Nor slack'd my Pace, till Carmel's Mount I view'd ;  
On whose delightful Brow, in cool Retreat,  
Among the curling Vines the Propher sat ;  
Whose twining Arms a verdant Arbour made ;  
The verdant Arbour form'd a grateful Shade ;

The

The fanning Zephyrs gently play'd around,  
And shook the trembling Leaves, and fwept the Ground:  
Down humbly at his Feet I prostrate fell,  
Submiss; and, weeping, told the mournful Tale.

STRIVE to compose thy anxious Soul, said he;  
Tears can't revoke JEHOVAN's fix'd Decree:  
We live and die, and both, as he thinks fit,  
Who may command; but Mortals must submit.  
This Fate the King, as well as Peasant, finds;  
Nor is it evil, but to evil Minds-----  
Yet if from Heav'n I can my Suit obtain,  
Thy lifeless Son shall yet revive again.

Thus said, with Looks divine, his Staff he views,  
As if some pow'rful Charm he would infuse:  
Then calls his Servant hastily, and said,  
On the Child's Face let this be quickly laid.

O Thou, said I, on whom my Hopes depend,  
Do not this Work to Servants Care command:  
If Thou thyself with me refuse to go,  
Here, to the list'ning Vines, I'll vent my Woe;

Still prostrate lie, lamenting for my Son,  
Till ev'ry Hill prove vocal to my Moan.  
More had I said, but Grief the Words supprest ;  
Yet Sighs, and silent Tears explain'd the rest.  
At length he from his verdant Seat arose,  
And hasty adown the Mountain goes :  
To *Sbyne* we, with Speed, our Way pursue ;  
The City soon appears within our View ;  
And the obedient Servant, at the Gate,  
Returning sad, without Success, we met :  
The beauteous Child by Death still vanquish'd lay ;  
Still Death insulted o'er the beauteous Prey :  
Till to the House the sacred Seer was come,  
And, with supernal Pow'r, approach'd the Room.

By the dead Child, a while, he penfive stood ;  
Then from the Chamber put the mourning Crowd :  
That done, to God he made his ardent Pray'r,  
And breath'd upon the Child with vital Air ;  
And now the Soul resumes her pristine Seat ;  
And now the Heart again begins to beat ;  
Life's purple Current o'er the Body spreads,  
While Death, repul'sd, ingloriously recedes.

THUS,

Thus, when a prowling Wolf has stol'n a Lamb,  
He sternly guards it from the bleating Dam ;  
But if the Keeper comes, he quits his Prey,  
And low'ring, with Reluctance, makes away.

And now the Prophet, to my longing Arms,  
Resign'd the Child, with more than wonted Charms :  
The blushing Rose shone fresher in his Face,  
And Beauty smil'd with a superior Grace.

So, when Heav'n's Lamp, that rules the genial Day,  
Behind the sable Moon pursues his Way ;  
Affrighted Mortals, when th' Eclipse is o'er,  
Believe him more illustrious than before.

HERE ends the Dame ; and the promiscuous Throng,  
With Hallelujahs thus conclude the Song :  
“ Holy and good art Thou, Lord God of Host,  
“ And all thy Works are wonderful and just :  
“ Both Life and Death are in thy pow'rful Hand ;  
“ Both Life and Death obey thy great Command :  
“ By thy great Pow'r the Heav'ns and Earth are aw'd ;  
“ Then let the Heav'ns and Earth adore their God.

" Thou glorious Sun, that measur'ſt all our Days,  
 " Rising and ſetting, ſtill advance his Praise :  
 " Thou Moon, and ye leſs glittering Orbs, that dance  
 " Round this terreftrial Globe, his Praise advance :  
 " Ye Seas, for ever waving to and fro,  
 " Praise, when ye ebb ; and praise him when ye flow :  
 " Ye wand'ring Rivers, and each purling Stream,  
 " As ye purſue your Course, his Praise proclaim :  
 " Ye Dews, and Mifts, and humid Vapours, all,  
 " Praise, when ye riſe ; and praise him, when ye fall :  
 " But chiefly *Israel*, who doſt daily view  
 " His pow'rful Works, his daily Praise renew."



## GRATITUDE. A PASTORAL.

### MENALCAS, COLIN.

MENALCAS.

FRIEND COLIN! well o'ertook. I have of late  
 Observ'd they chearful Mein, and airy Gait:  
 Say, what auspicious Change, ſince t'other Day,  
 When by thy lonely Cot I took my Way?

Sorrow

Sorrow and Sadness then o'erspread thy Brows,  
And ev'ry Look did gloomy Cares disclose :  
Now Joys diffusive in thy Aspect rise,  
And Mirth and Gladness sparkle in thy Eyes.

## COLIN.

WHERE hast thou liv'd, MENALCAS, not to know,  
Whose gen'rous Bounty has remov'd my Woe?  
I thought, the gracious CAROLINA's Name,  
Ere this, had fill'd the sounding Trump of Fame.

## MENALCAS.

THAT gracious Name, the World is bound to bless ;  
All grateful Swains her gen'rous Deeds confess :  
But, COLIN, say, has she remov'd thy Care ?  
I'm happy, when thy Happiness I hear.

## COLIN.

O You, MENALCAS, know my abject Birth,  
Born in a Cot, and bred to till the Earth :  
On rigid Worldlings always doom'd to wait,  
Forc'd at their frugal Hands my Bread to get :  
But when my Wants to CAROLINE were known,  
She bless'd me with a Pasture of my own.

She

This makes new Pleasures in my Bosom glow ;  
 These joyful Looks I to her Bounty owe.

## MENALCAS.

And may kind Heav'n reward that gracious Queen,  
 Who to thy Wants has so propitious been !  
 Yet, tho' her Bounty has thy Wants supply'd,  
 Let not her Bounty e'er exalt thy Pride ;  
 But keep an humble Mind, a grateful Heart ;  
 Her Favours far exceed thy own Desert :  
 Heav'n mov'd the Goodness of the Royal Dame ;  
 And Heav'n and She thy Gratitude must claim.

## COLIN.

When me She first into her Favour took,  
 I cut this oaken Staff, ('tis now my Crook)  
 And grav'd her Royal Bounty in the Rind ;  
 But grav'd it deeper in my grateful Mind :  
 The Letters in the Staff may wear away ;  
 Those written in my Soul shall ne'er decay.

## MENALCAS.

So may their little Flock increase their Tale ;  
 So may thy Field of Pasture never fail ;

May

May Heav'n and She, in just Proportion, still  
Or smile, or frown, as thou art good, or ill.

**C O L I N.**

May hungry Foxes kill my tender Lambs,  
May pois'nous Serpents suck their bleating Dams ;  
And may my Cows distended Udders fail,  
Elude my Hopes, and never fill the Pail ;  
In short, (to make my Curse the more complete,  
Tho' 'tis the only Thing I dread and hate)  
May Heav'n and heav'ly CAROLINE remove  
Their Smiles, if COLIN e'er ungrateful prove.

**M E N A L C A S.**

Thy Thanks and Pray'r's her gen'rous Soul will please ;  
A Tribute justly due, and paid with Ease :  
Sometimes a Song, perhaps, she may require ;  
And thou to sing, but lately didst aspire ;  
When in an abject, low, laborious State,  
Sunk deep in Cares, and press'd beneath their Weight :  
Then (so, at least, 'tis said among our Swains)  
In Sonnets COLIN charm'd away his Pains :  
Much sooner now thou may'st a Song rehearse,  
Whene'er she condescends to hear thy Verse.

**COLIN.**

## COLIN.

O Friend ! too well you know, my simple Strains  
 Are far inferior to each rural Swain's :  
 Yet, since Great CAROLINA thinks no Scorn,  
 To patronize a Shepherd meanly born ;  
 Henceforth I'll strive to raise my Voice sublime,  
 And with her Royal Name adorn my Rhyme ;  
 I'll on each verdant Mountain sing her Praise,  
 And vocal Groves shall echo to my Lays ;  
 To ev'ry Swain her Godlike Worth proclaim,  
 Nor ever drop the pleasing glorious Theme.

## MENALCAS.

THEN, since we're met, where friendly Branches spread,  
 And trembling Leaves diffuse a cooling Shade ;  
 Since, on the Sprays, the Thrush and Finch rejoice,  
 Invoke thy Muse, and tune thy rural Voice.

## COLIN.

ANOTHER Day my rural Voice I'll raise,  
 Another Day the Muse shall tune her Lays :  
 But now, alas ! such crowding Joys I find,  
 No Words can speak the Transports of my Mind.

Would

Would PHOEBUS warm me with poetic Fire;  
 Or would the *Mantuan* Muse my Tongue inspire;  
 As great ELIZA shone in SPENCER's Line,  
 The Greater CAROLINA should be mine;  
 Then would I emulate the tuneful Throng,  
 And with her glorious Name immortalize my Song.



### A PASTORAL ELEGY.

**A**T first in Vales obscure the Lyre I strung;  
 Vales, where the Muse her annual Labours fung:  
 Now, leaving these, she ranges o'er the Plain,  
 And tunes her Voice to Flocks and Shepherd Swains;  
 Yet, fresh in Grief, but feebly moves her Wings,  
 Weeps, while she flies; and trembles as she sings.

Two Country Swains, in Friendship firmly join'd,  
 Lov'd each alike, and were, like Brothers, kind:  
 Great CAROLINE her Royal Bounty show'd  
 To one, and rais'd him from the grov'ling Crowd;  
 When straight his smiling Looks, and cheerful Mien,  
 Proclaim'd the Goodness of a gracious QUEEN;

But

But gloomy Sadness soon his Face possest'd,  
 And clouded all the Joys before express'd:  
 The other gay and pleasant still appear'd;  
 Nor griev'd for Evils past, nor future fear'd;  
 One Day they met; M E N A L C A S first began;  
 And thus the mournful Tale, alternate, ran:

## M E N A L C A S.

W H Y, COLIN, dost thou wear that pensive Look,  
 And sighing stand, supported by thy Crook?  
 Say, from what Cause this Melancholy springs?  
 Or dost thou verify what DAMON sings?  
 " Vain Man can never satiate his Desires;  
 " The more he has, the more he still requires:  
 " To-day he's craving, and To-morrow cloy'd;  
 " New Pleasures grow insipid, when enjoy'd."  
 So, when our Sheep on Hills refuse to feed,  
 We straight remove them to the verdant Mead;  
 Where all, intent, the luscious Herbage graze;  
 And, for that Day, their Pasture seems to please:  
 The next, they range around the flow'ry Space;  
 And bleating tell, they loath the tainted Grafs.

COLIN,

## COLIN.

**T**WAS Yesterday, a giddy Sheep I view'd,  
Which rose in Cuddy's Fold, and stagg'ring stood;  
While one, with burly Horns, secure from Pain,  
Ran, enviously, and push'd him down again.  
So you, vain jesting Youth! unmov'd with Care,  
Insult the hapless Swain, that's in Despair.

## MENALCAS.

I nor insulted, nor intended Guile;  
And, if I jested, 'twas to make thee smile:  
But tell me, Swain, what wond'rous Turn of Fate  
O'erclouds thy Face, that look'd serene of late?  
What, is thy Harvest blasted on the Ground?  
Or has the Royal CAROLINA frown'd?  
Unveil thy Griefs, and make thy Sorrows known;  
You know, my Friend's Misfortunes are my own.

## COLIN.

My Harvest is not blasted on the Ground,  
Nor has the Royal CAROLINA frown'd:  
But lately, when the Sun had gaily drest  
The lofty Mountains in a purple Vest,

I early rose, to tend my fleecy Care ;  
Wet was the Grass, and piercing cold the Air.  
My lovely SYLVIA, stay behind, I said,  
Till I have weav'd a Garland for thy Head ;  
Till I a Bow'r, with shady Branches, form,  
To shun the scorching Ray, or rapid Storm ;  
And, when the Dew's exhal'd, which Night distill'd,  
Bless COLIN with thy Presence in the Field.  
She answer'd not; but from her Bosom sent  
A deep presaging Sigh, before I went.  
The Sun had painted ev'ry Object gay,  
When to the cheerful Field I took my Way ;  
The Lark with Mattins welcom'd in the Morn ;  
The Thrush and Finch sat chirping on the Thorn ;  
The Swallows round, in airy Circles flew ;  
And, ah ! poor COLIN then was joyful too ;  
But suddenly I saw the Mists arise,  
And dark'ning Clouds o'erspread the dusky Skies ;  
Th' Horizon seem'd to cast a gloomy Frown,  
While from his airy Height the Lark sunk down ;  
The tuneful Birds their joyous Songs deny'd ;  
And boding Owls, and sooty Ravens, cry'd.  
My drooping Heart, which felt unusual Weight,  
Shock'd with such Omens, ceas'd almost to beat :

Yet

Yet these, said I, portend no Evil, while  
My Royal Mistress condescends to smile :  
If She's propitious, what can COLIN fear ?  
Inur'd the lesser Ills of Life to bear.

Thus said, I took my Way to yonder Grove ;  
And form'd, with spreading Boughs, an arch'd Alcove :  
So close I twisted in each pliant Spray,  
As might exclude the Wind, or sunny Ray.  
With sweetest Flow'r's I deck'd the mossy Ground,  
And strew'd the fragrant Woodbuds all around.  
Here, when, said I, my SYLVIA comes a-field,  
This grateful Bow'r a safe Retreat shall yield :  
If rainy, here she may the Storms evade ;  
If fair, the Branches will project a Shade :  
Here SYLVIA shall, with COLIN, take her Rest ;  
And COLIN here, with SYLVIA, shall be blest.  
As thus I spoke, around I cast my Eye,  
And saw celestial CELIA drawing nigh :  
I saw ; but wonder'd why her heav'nly Mein  
Was clouded o'er, that us'd to be serene.  
CELIA's the Mistress of the flow'ry Plain,  
Whose's Bounty's known to ev'ry worthy Swain :  
Not Godlike PAN presid'd with more Care,  
Nor to *Arcadian* Shepherds was so dear.

When

When CELIA to the rural Shade retires,  
 She ev'ry Breast with rising Hope inspires ;  
 Expecting Swains, with joyous Looks, proclaim  
 The happy Time, and hail the gen'rous Dame :  
 As languid Plants, which half the Year lie dead,  
 When *Spring* approaches, raise their drooping Head.  
 She cross'd the Plains with a dejected Air ;  
 Her pensive Aspect shew'd her pious Care ;  
 And, loth th' unwelcome Tidings to reveal,  
 She sighing spoke, and left th' unfinish'd Tale :  
 " Ah poor unhappy Swain ! return, return ;  
 " The sable Clouds foretel a rainy Morn :  
 " Nor only is the Day o'ercast with Gloom ;  
 " Thy pleasing Hopes are blasted all at home ;  
 " Thy SYLVIA, O ! "—She said, and dropt the rest ;  
 But my presaging Heart too rightly guess'd :  
 I silent stood, and spoke my Grief with Tears ;  
 You know, my Heart was firmly link'd to her's.

## M E N A L C A S.

I know, your Hearts are link'd in Friendship fast ;  
 Long may that mutual Bond of Friendship last :  
 May HYMEN to you both propitious prove,  
 And Death but late untie the Knot of Love.

COLIN.

COLIN.

O! stop, MENALCAS, and my Loss deplore;  
The good, the faithful SYLVIA is no more!  
That gloomy Morn, she, in my Absence, dy'd;  
And rigid Death the last Farewel deny'd.  
Another Loss I could content have borne;  
But must the Loss of SYLVIA always mourn.  
My lovely SYLVIA was my softest Theme,  
My Song by Day, by Night my pleasing Dream:  
But now in Sighs I spend the ling'ring Day;  
And, weeping, pass the tardy Night away:  
Nor does thy Friend indulge a needless Care;  
My Loss is great, and just is my Despair.

MENALCAS.

Thy Loss and Sorrows equally are great;  
But Death's the Law of Nature, fix'd by Fate:  
Our Flocks, our Herds, our All, precarious stands;  
And fall we must, when Heav'n our Fall commands.

COLIN.

Yet Flocks and Herds are with Reluctance spar'd;  
And what are Flocks and Herds, with her compar'd?

A hungry Fox stole ten of CUDDY's Lambs,  
 A lurching Mongrel kill'd their bleating Dams :  
 Say, did not CUDDY for his Loss repine ?  
 But, ah ! what Loss was his, compar'd with mine ?

## MENALCAS.

I have a Flute, which DAMON lately made ;  
 No Shepherd on a sweeter ever play'd :  
 I tun'd it Yesterday, and straight a Throng  
 Of Nymphs and Swains ran crowding to my Song ;  
 My list'ning Ewes, a-while, forsook their Meat ;  
 My tender Lambs, tho' hungry, ceas'd to bleat ;  
 I'll tune again the soft harmonious Lay ;  
 Music, perhaps, may chase thy Cares away.

## COLIN.

MENALCAS, Music's for a lighter Ill ;  
 Such Woes as mine would baffle all thy Skill.  
 Upon his Flute ALEXIS often plays,  
 And strives to charm my Sorrows with his Lays ;  
 Upon his Flute ALEXIS plays in vain :  
 His Lays, tho' charming, cannot charm my Pain.  
 The tuneful Birds rejoice on ev'ry Spray,  
 My wanton Lambkins in their Pasture play ;

In vain the tuneful Birds rejoice, in vain  
My wanton Lambkins sport upon the Plain.

With cheerful Green the spacious Fields are crown'd,  
And beauteous Flow'rs adorn the painted Grounds,  
The snowy Blossoms on the Branches shine,  
A pleasing Scene to ev'ry Eye, but mine !  
For neither cheerful Green, that crowns the Field,  
Nor snowy Blossoms, which the Branches yield,  
Nor Flow'rs, that spread the painted Meadows o'er,  
Delight my Eyes, now SYLVIA is no more.

**M E N A L C A S.**

'Tis more than Time thy mournful Dirge to end ;  
For, see, the whistling Ploughmen homeward tend ;  
Our fleecy Flocks stand waiting round the Fold ;  
Damp feel the Dews, the ruffling Breezes cold ;  
The setting Sun forsakes the blushing Skies,  
And hazy Fogs from marshy Grounds arise :  
Then fold thy Sheep, thy anxious Cares remove ;  
Nor weep on Earth, for her who sings above.

*On a Good Conscience.*

THE solid Joys of human Kind  
 Are those that flow from Peace of Mind ;  
 For who the Sweets of Life can taste,  
 With Vice, and tim'rous Guilt, opprest ?  
 'Tis Virtue softens all our Toils,  
 With Peace our Conscience crowns ;  
 Gives Pleasure, when our Fortune smiles,  
 And Courage, when it frowns ;  
 Calms ev'ry Trouble, makes the Soul serene,  
 Smooths the contracted Brow, and chears the Heart within.

WHILE guilty Minds, involv'd with Woe,  
 Anticipate the future Blow ;  
 Which is (to make Damnation more complete)  
 The lesser Hell, in Passage to the great ;  
 Bold and intrepid honest Men appear ;  
 For, as they know no Evil, none they fear :  
 A glorious Shield of Virtue guards their Breast ;  
 Arm'd with themselves, they always walk at Rest.

Thus,

Thus, under bursting Clouds, and stormy Skies,  
When Thunder roars, and Lightning flies,  
Th' Imperial Eagles boldly rove,  
Nor dread the fiery Bolt of Jove;  
While meaner Birds in secret creep below;  
And trembling fear, and often feel the Blow.



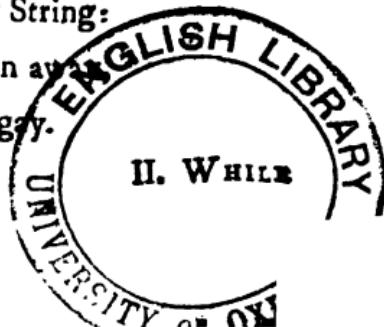
On M U S I C.

I.

MUSIC the coldest Heart can warm,  
The hardest melt, the fiercest charm;  
Disarm the Savage of his Rage,  
Dispel our Cares, and Pains affuage;  
With Joy it can our Souls inspire,  
And tune our Tempers to the Lyre;  
Our Passions, like the Notes, agree,  
And stand subdu'd by Harmony.  
This found the *melancholy King*,  
When DAVID tun'd the trembling String:  
Sweet Music chas'd the sullen Spleen away,  
And made his clouded Soul serenely gay.

D.

II. WHILE



## II.

WHILE Music breathes in martial Airs,  
 The Coward dares forget his Fears;  
 Or, if the Notes to Pity sound,  
 Revenge and Envy cease to wound:  
 The Pow'r of Music has been known,  
 To raise or tumble Cities down:  
 Thus *Theban* Turrets, Authors say,  
 Were rais'd by Music's Magick Lay;  
 And antient *Jericho*'s Heav'n-hated Wall,  
 To sacred Music, ow'd its destin'd Fall.

## III.

NOR Mortals only Music love;  
 It chears celestial Saints above:  
 Sweet Hallelujahs Angels sing  
 Around their great Ethereal KING;  
 Ceasles they sound the FATHER's Praise,  
 The FATHER too approves their Lays;  
 For HE (as all Things) Music made,  
 And SERAPHIMS before Him play'd:  
 When over *Horeb*'s Mount He came,  
 Array'd in Majesty and Flame;  
 After the sounding Trump, sublime, He rode;  
 The sounding Trump proclaim'd th' approaching GOD.

IV.

Music had Being, long before  
The solemn Organ learnt to roar :  
When MICHAEL, o'er the heav'nly Plain,  
Advanc'd, to fight the rebel Train ;  
Loud Trumpets did his Wrath declare,  
In Music, terrible to hear :  
And when the Universe was made,  
On golden Harps the Angels play'd :  
And when it falls, (as fall it must)  
Music shall penetrate the Dust ;  
The Trump shall sound with the Archangel's Breath ;  
And, sweetly dreadful ! wake the Dead from Death.

On RICHMOND PARK, and ROYAL  
GARDENS.

O F blissful Groves I sing, and flow'ry Plains :  
Ye Sylvan Nymphs, assist my rural Strains.  
Shall Windsor Forest gain a deathless Fame,  
And grow immortal as the Poet's Name ;

While not a Bard, of all the tuneful Throng,  
 With these delightful Fields adorns his \* Song?  
 Thy Gardens, *Richmond*, boast an equal Theme,  
 And only ask an equal Muse's Flame.  
 What tho' no Virgin Nymphs, of *CYNTHIA*'s Train,  
 With Belt and Quiver grace the verdant Plain?  
 What tho' no fabled consecrated Floods  
 Flow o'er thy Fields, or murmur thro' thy Woods?  
 My Song thy real Beauties shall pursue,  
 And paint the lovely Scenes, and paint 'em true;  
 A pleasing Task! Nor slight shall be thy Praise,  
 If Royal *CAROLINE* accept the Lays.

DELIGHTED, often thro' the mazy Groves,  
 The Muse, in pensive Contemplation, roves;  
 Or climbs the slow ascending † Hill, whose Brow  
 Hangs o'er the silver Stream, which rolls below;  
 Where all around me shining Prospects rise,  
 And various Scenes invite my gazing Eyes;  
 And, while I view one Object with Delight,  
 New pleasing Wonders charm the feasted Sight:

\* This was writ in the Year 1731; since when, great Alterations and Improvements have been made in the Gardens, and several Poems publish'd on the same Subject.      † *Richmond* Hill.

Now this allures, now that attracts it most ;  
And the first Beauty's in the second lost.

Thus, in a grateful Concert, may we hear  
The Sounds at once surprize, and charm our Ear ;  
The trembling Notes, in hasty Fugues, arise ;  
And this advances, e're the former flies ;  
All seem to be confus'd, yet all agree,  
To perfect the melodious Harmony.

BENEATH the Mount, with what majestic Pride  
The Sire of Rivers rolls his silver Tide !  
Let Poets sing of *Hermus'* golden Shore,  
His amber Foam, and Sands of shining Ore :  
Nor *Tagus* envy we, nor fruitful *Nile*,  
Whose fatt'ning Floods enrich the thirsty Soil :  
Happy BRITANNIA boasts as fair a Stream,  
As great in Bounties, and as great in Fame ;  
Since DENHAM's deathless Muse has sung his Tide,  
And *India's* Riches o'er his Surface glide.

OBsequious River, when my Eyes survey  
Thy Waves, or East, or West, pursue their Way :

Now swiftly roll, to meet the briny Main ;  
 At stated Periods, now return again ;  
 How vain the Schemes of Infidels appear !  
 How weak their Reas'nings, and the God how clear !  
 Say, Atheists, since you own, by Nature's Laws,  
 There's no Effect produc'd without a Cause ;  
 Why should the restless Stream run to and fro,  
 And, with alternate Motion, ebb and flow ;  
 Did not some Being, of superior Force,  
 Rule the wild Waves, and regulate their Course ?

HENCE lofty *Windsor* to the Sight appears ;  
 And, high in Air, her pompous Turrets rears :  
 Wide, round her Domes, the spacious Forest shines,  
 Tho' brighter much in *Pope's* harmonious Lines :  
 O ! wou'd his tuneful Muse my Breast inspire,  
 With equal Warmth, with her sublimer Fire ;  
 Then *Richmond* Hill renown'd in Verse shou'd grow,  
 And *Thames* re-echo to the Song below ;  
 A second *Eden* in my Page shou'd shine,  
 And *MILTON's* *Paradise* submit to mine.

Off, lost in Thought, forgetful of my Way,  
 I, o'er the Park, thro' Wilds of Beauty stray ;

Where

Where sportive Nature wantons at her Will,  
And lavishes her Bloom, uncheck'd by Skill.  
Old venerable Trees, majestic, rise,  
Sublime in Air, and brave the vaulted Skies;  
Which, free from cruel Steel, or Lab'r'r's Hand,  
In peaceful Age, and hoary Honour stand.  
Here, when AURORA first begins to dawn,  
The wakeful Larks spring mounting from the Lawn;  
Pois'd by their Plumes, in lofty Flights they play;  
With joyful Warblings hail th' approaching Day:  
But, when the Sun displays a purple Scene,  
And drinks the pearly Dew, that deck'd the Green;  
A thousand tuneful Birds in Concert meet,  
A thousand tuneful Notes the Groves repeat;  
And, when their Music ceases with the Day,  
Sweet PHILOMELA changes her pensive Lay.

BUT, hark! I hear a louder Music sound;  
From Woods and Vales the various Notes rebound;  
'Tis Albion's KING pursues the Royal Chase:  
The nimble Stag skims o'er th' unbending Grafs:  
The Way which Fear directs, he trembling tries;  
Nor knows, where Fear directs, or where he flies.

A Hundred diff'rent Sounds affail his Ears ;  
 A Death, in ev'ry diff'rent Sound, he fears :  
 And now he faintly moves a flower Pace,  
 And closer now the Hounds pursue their Chace ;  
 Till, in Despair, back on his Foes he turns ;  
 Makes feeble Efforts with his branchy Horns ;  
 Short is the Combat, soon he yields his Breath,  
 And gasping falls, and trembling pants, in Death.

Now to a softer Theme descends my Muse ;  
 Thro' artful Walks her pleasing Path pursues ;  
 Where lofty Elms, and conic Lindens rise,  
 Or where th' extensive Terras charms her Eyes ;  
 Where Elegance and noble Grandeur meet,  
 As the Ideas of its Mistress, great,  
 Magnificently fair, majestically sweet.  
 See, on its Margin, Fields of waving Corn ;  
 These bearded Crops, and Flow'rets this, adorn ;  
 CERES and FLORA lovingly embrace,  
 And gay Varieties the Landscape grace.

{

HENCE lead me, Muses, thro' yon arched Grove,  
 Adorn'd with Sand below, and Leaves above ;

Or

Or let me o'er the spacious Oval trace,  
Where verdant Carpets spread the lovely Place ;  
Where Trees in regular Confusion stand,  
And sylvan Beauties rise on ev'ry Hand :  
Or bear me, Nymphs, to the sequester'd Cell,  
Where BOYLE and NEWTON, mighty Sages ! dwell ;  
Whose Fame shall live, altho' the Grot decay,  
Long as those sacred Truths their Works display.

How sweetly pleasing is this cool Retreat,  
When PHOEBUS blazes with meridian Heat !  
In vain the fervid Beams around it play ;  
The rocky Roof repels the scorching Ray ;  
Securely guarded with a sylvan Scene,  
In Nature's Liv'ry dréft, for ever green.  
To visit *this*, the curious Stranger roves,  
With grateful Travel thro' a Wild of Groves ;  
And, tho' directed, oft mistakes his Way,  
Unknowing where the winding Mazes stray ;  
Yet still his Feet the magic Paths pursue,  
Charm'd, tho' bewilder'd, with the pleasing View.

Nor so attractive lately shone the Plain,  
A gloomy Waite, not worth the Muse's Strain ;

Where thorny Brakes the Traveller repell'd,  
 And Weeds and Thistles overspread the Field;  
 Till Royal GOERG, and heav'nly CAROLINE,  
 Bid Nature in harmonious Lustre shine;  
 The sacred *Fiat* thro' the Chaos rung,  
 And Symmetry from wild Disorder sprung.

So, once, confus'd, the barb'rous Nations stood;  
 Unpolish'd were their Minds, their Manners rude;  
 Till *Rome* her conq'ring Eagles wide display'd,  
 And bid the World reform——The World obey'd.

How bless'd the Man in these delightful Fields!  
 New Pleasures each indulgent Moment yields.  
 Let gayer Minds in Town pursue their Joys,  
 Exchanging Quietness for Crowds and Noise;  
 Consume the Night at Masquerade or Play;  
 Or waste, in busy Idleness, the Day:  
 I envy not *Augusta*'s pompous Piles,  
 Since rural Solitude more pleasing smiles.  
 O Solitude! the Sage's chief Delight!  
 What Numbers can thy lovely Charms recite!  
 Hail, peaceful Nymph! thou eldest Thing on Earth!  
 Nay, like Eternity, thou hadst no Birth:

The

The Heav'ns alone can thy Commencement tell,  
Ere MICHAEL fought, or peccant Angels fell ;  
Before the Skies with radiant Light were clad,  
In awful Gloom, and venerable Shade,  
The FATHER thee his sole Companion made.  
When to Creation first his Thoughts inclin'd,  
And future Worlds were rising in his Mind ;  
He sat with thee, and plann'd the mighty Scheme ;  
With thee adjusted the stupendous Frame ;  
Contriv'd how Globes, self-balanc'd in the Air,  
With restless Rounds should rule the circling Year ;  
How Orbs o'er Orbs in mystic Dance should roll,  
What Laws support, and regulate the Whole :  
Nor art thou yet impair'd, celestial Dame ;  
Thy Charms are still attractive, still the same ;  
With thee the Mind, abstracted from the Crew,  
May study Nature, and her Ends pursue ;  
With thee I hear the feather'd Warblers sing ;  
With thee survey the Beauties of the Spring,  
When Blossoms, Leaves, and Fruits the Branches yield,  
And Eden's Glory crowns the happy Field.

HERE first the Muse (auspicious was the Place !)  
Rejoic'd to see her Royal Guardian's Face ;

How

How mild, yet how majestic, was her Look!  
 How sweetly condescending all she spoke!  
 On ev'ry pleasing Accent Wisdom hung,  
 And Truth and Virtue dwelt upon her Tongue.  
 O! were I equal to the glorious Theme,  
 Then should my Lays immortalize her Fame ;  
 Or paint Great GEORGE in peaceful Laurels drest,  
 With Albion's Safety lab'ring in his Breast ;  
 Who (while contending Nations round him jar,  
 And Subjects Wealth supports their Monarch's War)  
 Guards happy Britain, with his floating Tow'rs,  
 From purple Slaughter, and invading Pow'rs ;  
 No plund'ring Armies rob our fruitful Plain ;  
 But, bless'd with Peace and Plenty, smiles the Swain.

Nor so he smiles upon the foreign Shores ;  
 But starving walks thro' Nature's lavish Stores ;  
 Poor Peasants with their rigid Burdens groan,  
 And till the Glebe for Harvests not their own.  
 What, tho' their more propitious PHOEBUS shines  
 With warmer Rays, and chears the curling Vines ?  
 What, tho' rich Olives grace the fertile Soil,  
 And the hot Climate teems with fatt'ning Oil ?  
 The hungry Farmer views his Crops in vain,  
 In vain the Vineyard tempts the thirsty Swain ;

While their stern Tyrant's arbitrary Pow'r  
Rifles the Plains, and ravages their Store :  
Thy Sons, BRITANNIA, from such Evils free,  
Enjoy the Sweets of Peace and Liberty ;  
A gracious Sov'reign smiles upon the Throne,  
And Heav'n confirms the happy Realm his own.

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*AVARO and AMANDA.*  
*A POEM, in FOUR CANTO'S,*  
*Taken from the Spectator, Vol. I. NUMB. XI.*

---

CANTO I.

WHAT Ills from Want of Education flow,  
From Avarice what cruel Scenes of Woe,  
I mean to sing ; except the tuneful Maid  
Neglect my Numbers, and refuse her Aid.  
Say, Goddess, first, what made the Youth explore  
A foreign Clime, and quit his native Shore ?  
Say too, how on the barb'rous Isle he came ;  
What mov'd the Kindness of the *Negro Dame* ?  
What cou'd provoke a faithless Youth to sell  
A Friend, whose only Crime was loving well ?

Now had **Avaro** twenty *Winters* pass'd,  
His blooming Features ev'ry Beauty grac'd;  
In silver Rings, his loosely flowing Hair  
Hung o'er his Shoulders with a comely Air;  
Robust his Limbs, and daring was his Soul,  
And Vigour crown'd the well-proportion'd Whole:  
His graceful Charms the Ladies oft survey'd,  
And oft their Eyes an am'rous Signal made;  
But never could the tender Passion move,  
The stubborn Youth was still averse to Love;  
Yet, tho' his Breast was Proof to **CUPID**'s Dart,  
A more ignoble God enslav'd his Heart.

No Mysteries of Faith disturb'd his Head;  
For Mysteries of Faith he seldom read;  
That moral Law, which Nature had imprest,  
He blotted from the Volume of his Breast;  
Yet in his Mind his Father's Precepts bears,  
Who often rung this Lesson in his Ears:  
“ Wou'd you, my Son, to Happiness aspire,  
“ Know, **Gold** alone can Happiness acquire;  
“ He that has **Gold**, is pow'rful as a King,  
“ Has Valour, Virtue, Wisdom, ev'ry Thing!

“ *This*

" This to obtain, your utmost Skill bestow ;  
" And if you gain it, be not careful how :  
" If in the Court, or Camp, you take Delight,  
" Then dare to flatter *there*, or *here* to fight :  
" Or, shou'd the Merchant's Life your Fancy please,  
" Be bold, and bravely venture on the Seas ;  
" Many by Merchandise have gain'd Renown,  
" And made the *Indies* Wealth become their own."

The Youth imbib'd the Precepts of his Tongue,  
Neglecting ev'ry Law of Right and Wrong ;  
Taught by his Sire to court destructive Gain,  
He burns to try his Fortune on the Main.

WHILE other Youths, by Wit or Pleasure sway'd  
Frequent the Play, the Ball or Masquerade ;  
AVARO, studious, in his Chamber stays,  
Careless of Balls, of Masquerades, and Plays ;  
There adds, subtracts, and, with unweary'd Pain,  
Learns all the Rules of Int'rest, Loss, and Gain.

Next, from an old Astronomer, he tries  
To learn the Planets Journey thro' the Skies ;  
With *him*, at Night, when Heav'n serene appears,  
He points the Quadrant at the shining Spheres ;

The

The HYADES, and frozen Pole surveys,  
 Which guide the Sailor o'er the distant Seas ;  
 Then Maps and Models of our Globe prepares,  
 And carefully inspects both Hemispheres ;  
 From East to West he views the spacious Round,  
 Pleas'd with the modern World COLUMBUS found :  
 In Hope elate, the Youth impatient stands,  
 And seems to grasp both Indies in his Hands.  
 This sees the Sire, and hastily provides  
 A Vessel, Proof against the Winds and Tides.  
 The Youth embarks, the soft propitious Gales  
 Arise, and soon expand the swelling Sails ;  
 The Ship glides swiftly o'er the liquid Plain,  
 And NEPTUNE smiles, and courts him on the Main.

BUT see, how Mortals are the Sport of Fate !  
 How oft unhappy, striving to be great !  
 Ere CYNTHIA twice her monthly Race had run,  
 An Omen of the fatal Storm begun :  
 The murmur'ring Wind arises by Degrees,  
 And rocks the Ship, and sweeps the curling Seas ;  
 Now louder, with impetuous Force it roars,  
 And shoves the swelling Surges to the Shores ;

Till rapid Rain, and Flakes of bick'ring Flame,  
With dreadful Thunder vex th' ethereal Frame.  
Struck with Surprize, the tim'rous Merchant stands,  
Nor knows what he forbids, or what commands:  
Nor safely back, nor can he forwards go;  
But trembling waits, and fears the fatal Blow.

Long Time the Sailors work against the Wind,  
With fruitless Toil, to gain the Port assign'd;  
Till Courage, Hope, and all Provisions fail'd,  
And Fear, Despair, and Want their Souls affai'd.  
Forc'd by the Storm into a winding Bay,  
Their joyful Eyes an *Indian* Isle survey;  
When straight they quit their Ship, and gain the Shore,  
And for Recruits the savage Land explore.

ADJOINING to the dreary Beach, their stood  
Wild Shrubs and Trees, that form'd a gloomy Wood;  
Where, close obscur'd, the crafty Natives lay,  
And watch'd the wand'ring Crew, remote from Sea:  
Then forth they rush, and strait their Bows prepare;  
Too late the Sailors see th' approaching War:  
In vain the Brave engage, or Tim'rous fly;  
The Tim'rous and the Brave, promiscuous die;

The

The barb'rous Fields are stain'd with purple Gore,  
 And dreadful Groanings echo to the Shore.  
 Our youthful Merchant 'scapes, and flies alone ;  
 His Fear impels, and Safety prompts him on ;  
 Thro' dusky Woods he takes his trembling Flight,  
 The dusky Woods conceal him from their Sight ;  
 Till in the devious Wilds, remote from Foes,  
 Then, on the Ground, he weeping vents his Woes ;  
 Oft curs'd his hapless Fate, and often thought  
 On what the hoary Star-monger had taught ;  
 How, at our Birth, as diff'rent Planets rule,  
 They form a Wit, or constitute a Fool ;  
 How, in the Maze of Life, we act, as they  
 Attract, retard, or force us in the Way.  
 And, as he these uncertain Censures made,  
 Against the Stars he, thus exclaiming, said :

THE Planets sure some noxious Pow'r display,  
 And rule my Life with arbitrary Sway ;  
 Else I had ne'er forsook my native Home,  
 Nor in this baleful Desert met my Doom——  
 And yet, when I reflect, I cannot see,  
 How Globes insensible should influence me !

I chuse my Actions ; when the Choice is made,  
I nor invoke, nor yet consult their Aid.  
When Mortals act according to their Will,  
Can Heav'n be call'd the Author of their Ill ?  
Too late I find, the Stars are not in Fault ;  
But 'tis that golden Wish my Sire has taught :  
Enticing *Gold*, that damn'd deceiving Guide,  
Induc'd me first to stem the foaming Tide ;  
Fallacious *Charm*, that led me from Repose,  
Now leaves me in a Labyrinth of Woes.

So, when compacted Vapours, in the Night,  
Skim o'er the Fields, with a delusive Light,  
The injudicious Traveller surveys  
Th' alluring *Scene*, and courts the glist'ring *Blaze* ;  
Till, tempted o'er a Rock's impending Brow,  
He falls to some tremendous *Gulph* below.

Thus the unhappy Youth laments his Fate,  
Conscious of all the Ills that round him wait ;  
Till setting PHOEBUS leaves the blushing Sky,  
And glimm'ring Stars a feeble Light supply :  
The Shades of Night increase his anxious Care,  
And add a greater Horror to Despair.



## C A N T O II.

ALL Night in Tears the penive Merchant lay,  
And often wish'd, and fear'd the coming Day ;  
Till, on the Hills, the rising Sun display'd  
His golden Beams, and chas'd away the Shade :  
Harmonious Birds salute his chearful Rays,  
And hail the rosy Morn with joyful Lays ;  
While, stretch'd upon the Ground, AVAXO moans,  
Answ'ring their tuneful Songs with piercing Groans.

Nor distant far from where the Youth was laid,  
A purling Stream, in pleasing Murmurs, play'd ;  
And, by the Margin of the crystal Flood,  
Two Rows of Trees in beauteous Order stood ;  
Whose Branches form'd a pendent Arch above,  
Diffusing gloomy Verdure o'er the Grove.  
An *Indian* Princess hither daily came,  
Pleas'd with the grateful Shade, and cooling Stream :  
She now was walking to her lov'd Retreat,  
And heard the mourning Youth lament his Fate :

Fix'd

Fix'd in Amaze, a-while she list'ning stood;  
Then swift approach'd him, rushing thro' the Wood.  
Th'affrighted Merchant rose with gazing Eyes,  
And tim'rous Looks, that testify'd Surprize:  
Backward he starts; the Dame, with equal Fears,  
Recedes as fast, and wonders what appears;  
Yet, bolder grown, she soon advanc'd again,  
Smit with the Beauty of the Godlike Man:  
His Dress, and fair Complexion, charm'd her Sight;  
Each glowing Feature gave her new Delight;  
While Love and Pity both arose within,  
And kindled in her Soul a Flame unseen.  
With equal Joy AVARO now survey'd  
The native Graces of the *Negro Maid*:  
He view'd her Arms, with various Ribbands bound;  
Her downy Head, with painted Feathers crown'd;  
With Bredes, and lucid Shells, in Circles strung,  
Which shone resplendent, as they round her hung.

As when, in splendid Robes, a courtly Maid  
Begins the Dance at Ball or Masquerade;  
The Pearls and Di'monds shine with mingled Light,  
And glitt'ring Pendants blaze against the Sight.

So shone the beauteous Shells around her Waif,  
 And sparkling Gems, that deck'd her jety Breast ;  
 All which AVARO's gazing Eyes pursue,  
 Charm'd with her lovely Shape, disclos'd to View :  
 Each Limb appears in just Proportion made,  
 With Elegance thro' ev'ry Part display'd :  
 And now his Cares dissolve, new Passions move ;  
 And Nature intimates, the Change is Love.

Nor far remote, a cooling Grot was made,  
 In which the Virgin often sought a Shade :  
 Thick Shrubs, and fruitful Vines, around it grew ;  
 And none, except herself, the Mansion knew.  
 To this obscure Recess the Royal Dame,  
 Rejoicing, with her lovely Captive came :  
 Then, from the Branches, with officious Haste,  
 She plucks the Fruits, which yield a sweet Repast :  
 That done, she, with her Bow, explores the Wood ;  
 Pierc'd with her Shaft, the Fowl resigns his Blood.  
 Then back she hastens to her cool Retreat,  
 And for AVARO dress'd the grateful Meat :  
 To slake his Thirst, she next directs his Way,  
 Where crystal Streams in wild Meanders stray :

Nor lets him there, expos'd to Foes, remain ;  
But to the Cave conducts him safe again.

So doats **AMANDA** on the Merchant, while  
She scorns the *Lovers* of her *native Isle* :  
For all the Heroes of her Country strove,  
With Emulation, to attract her Love ;  
And, when they could the painted Fowls insnare,  
Or pierce the savage Beast in sylvan War,  
The Skins and Feathers, Trophies of their Fame,  
They gave for Presents to the Royal Dame ;  
All which she to her lov'd **AVARO** brought,  
And with them gayly deck'd his shining Grot :  
The spotted Panther here she hung ; and there  
With Paws extended, frown'd the shaggy Bear ;  
Here gaudy Plumes appear, in Lustre bright ;  
There Shells and Pearls diffuse a sparkling Light.

As when, to grace some Royal Prince's Hall,  
The skilful Painter animates the Wall ;  
Here warlike Heroes frown in martial Arms,  
There a soft Nymph displays her blushing Charms ;  
A pleasing Landscape next invites our Eye,  
And the Room glows with sweet Variety.

Yet,

Yet, still to give her Lover more Delight,  
(Left what he daily saw, should pall the Sight)  
When Sol with Purple cloath'd the Western Sky,  
And Shades extended shew'd the Ev'ning nigh,  
She to some verdant Grove the Youth convey'd,  
Where Nightingales harmonious Music made:  
Soft Flow'rets were their Couch; and, all around,  
Diffusive Sweets perfum'd the fragrant Ground.  
There oft she would his snowy Bosom bare,  
Oft round her Fingers wind his silver Hair;  
Charm'd with the Contrast, which their Colours made,  
More pleasing than the Tulip's Light and Shade.  
Nor was the Youth insensible; but soon  
Repaid her Love by shewing of his own:  
Oft would his Bosom heave with speaking Sighs;  
Oft would he gaze, and languish with his Eyes:  
Now on her panting Breast his Head repose,  
To meet his Head her panting Breast arose;  
While in her Soul ecstatic Raptures glow'd,  
And her fond Arms believ'd they clasp'd a God.

So liv'd the happy Pair, observ'd by none,  
Till both had learnt a Language of their own;

In

In which the Youth, one Ev'ning in the Shade,  
Beguiles the harmless unsuspecting Maid ;  
Leans on her Breast, and, with a Kiss, betrays ;  
Then vents his specious Fraud in Words like these :

WITNESS, ye Gods, and all ye Bless'd above,  
(For ye can witness best, how well I love)  
If e'er among our blooming Nymphs, I knew  
Such Pleasures, as my Soul receives from you ?  
O dear AMANDA ! could I but, with thee,  
Once more my happy native Country see,  
You should not there in lonely Caves retreat,  
Nor trace the burning Sands with naked Feet ;  
Your Limbs, which now the Sun and Wind invade,  
Should neatly be in softest Silks array'd ;  
In gilded Coaches gayly should you ride,  
By Horses drawn, which prancing Side by Side,  
Neigh, foam, and champ the Bit with graceful Pride ;  
Our Time, in Pomp and Peace, should slide away,  
And blooming Pleasures crown the smiling Day ;  
And when the setting Sun forsook the Skies,  
Approaching Night should but increase our Joys :  
We would not on the chilling Ground embrace,  
Nor Foes, as now, should interrupt our Peace ;

But both reposing on some easy Bed,  
 Soft, as the fleecy Down, that decks thy Head,  
 The sportive God of Love should round us play,  
 While we, in Raptures, pass'd the Night away :  
 Then let us carefully, my Dear, explore  
 The Haven, where I first approach'd the Shore.  
 Perhaps we shall some floating Ship survey,  
 Safe to conduct us o'er the watry Way :  
 Nor let the foaming Waves your Steps retard ;  
 I'll guard you o'er, and be a faithful Guard.

How oft, alas ! is Innocence betray'd,  
 When Love invites, and Flatterers persuade ?  
 How could the Dame, a Stranger to Deceit,  
 Imagine such a heavenly Form a Cheat ?  
 She paus'd, she sigh'd; then, with a pensive Look,  
 Half loth, and half consenting, thus she spoke ;

ONCE has Avaro 'scap'd the raging Main :  
 Why would you tempt the fickle Seas again ?  
 To seek new Dangers, when in Safety here,  
 Would but provoke the Deities you fear——  
 Sometimes, I own, we've been surpriz'd by Foes,  
 Whose nightly Walks have wak'd you from Repose :

Yet

Yet still I guard your sacred Life secure,  
And always will —— What can **AMANDA** more?

Thus said, she clasp'd him in her loving Arms,  
Embrac'd his Neck, and doated on his Charms :  
And now both shew their Passions in their Look,  
And now Connubial HYMEN both invoke ;  
In sportive Joys they clos'd the genial Day,  
While **PHILOMELA** sung the Nuptial Lay ;  
Till soon the Youth reclin'd upon her Breast,  
And golden Slumbers seal'd their Eyes to Rest.



### CANTO III.

**S**OOON as the Sun began to gild the Day,  
And on the Hills emit a trembling Ray ;  
**AMANDA**, from her flow'ry Bed awoke ;  
Sad was her Heart, and discomfis'd her Look ;  
The briny Torrent flows adown her Cheeks,  
While thus she to her dear **AVARO** speaks :

O Thou, on whom my Life and Love depend,  
If e'er **AMANDA** claim'd the Name of Friend ;

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- If e'er I gave thy troubled Mind Repose,  
Or hid thee, when pursu'd with furious Foes ;  
Explain this *Dream*, that terrifies my Breast ;  
The strangest, Fear, or Fancy e'er imprest !

METHOUGHT a God descended from the Skies ;  
Celestial Beauty sparkled in his Eyes ;  
Like Rays of PHOEBUS shone his radiant Hair,  
His Shape like thine, like thine his graceful Air ;  
A Robe was neatly girt about his Waist,  
Fine as my lov'd AVARO's silken Vest ;  
His shining Lips upon my Breast he laid,  
And softly press'd my Hand, and smiling said :

“ ARISE, my Dear, my lov'd AMANDA rise ;  
“ An easier Lodging waits thee in the Skies :  
“ I am descended from the blest Abodes,  
“ To bear thee hence to Heav'n among the Gods ;  
“ No Enemies shall there disturb thy Rest ;  
“ There, with thy *Lover*, live for ever blest.”

THUS said, he rais'd me from the dewy Plain,  
And bore, or seem'd to bear me, o'er the Main :

But

But soon he led me to a distant Isle,  
Where Horrors reign, and Comforts never smile;  
Thick Brakes and Brambles choak'd the dreary Coast,  
The only Product, which the Land could boast;  
Till a dejected, servile Race arose,  
With gloomy Sadness brooding on their Brews;  
This Crowd, promiscuous, with incessant Toil,  
Or rooted up the Wood, or plow'd the Soil:  
How each perform'd his Task, a Tyrant view'd;  
And sternly shook his Whip, and menac'd as he stood.  
Sometimes to shun the direful Lash, they fled;  
Th' insulting Lord pursu'd with greater Speed;  
Sure not so fearful fly the trembling Bears,  
To shun our Hunters Darts, and missive Spears;  
Sure not so swift our Hunters e'er pursu'd  
The trembling Bears, when flying thro' the Wood;  
As from the Tyrant's Wrath they swiftly run,  
Or, as the Tyrant, swifter usg'd them on.  
Each to his wonted Task he drove again;  
And made ~~me~~ mix among the servile Train;  
Doom'd with the rest to groan beneath the Yoke,  
Alike I felt the dire correcting Stroke.  
But, O ! what added most to my Despair,  
My Godlike Guide was false, and left me there.

As thus she spake, confus'd her Looks appear'd ;  
For still her Soul the dreadful Vision fear'd :  
Deciding Reason from her Seat withdrew,  
And Fancy painted all the Scene anew.  
The Youth to cheer the drooping Dame essay'd,  
When strait a Boar came rushing thro' the Shade ;  
The crashing Woods proclaim'd his rapid Force,  
While two fleet Youths pursu'd the sylvan Course :  
The Lovers started from their flow'ry Seats,  
Surpriz'd ; and each a diff'rent Way retreats.

As when some Musquet's Thunder has expell'd,  
Two loving Turtles from the verdant Field ;  
Both, diverse, thro' the wide ethereal Plain  
Fly swift ; and flying, fear their Mate is slain.

So parting, devions fled th' affrighted Pair ;  
Such was AVARO's, such AMANDA's Fear.  
The foaming Boar between 'em swiftly past,  
The nimble Coursets urge the Chace as fast ;  
Till soon they pierce him with a mortal Wound ;  
He falls, and purple Gore distains the Ground :

Then,

Then, from the savage War, they take their Way;  
And to the Cave, triumphant, bear the Prey.

Soon as the sportive Hunters left the Wood,  
The loving Pair conceal'd no longer stood;  
But trembling both forsook the dusky Shade,  
Both trembling met upon the op'ning Glade:  
Mute with Surprize a-while they stood; the Man  
Broke Silence first, and thus his Tale began:

O dear AMANDA! soon we have survey'd  
This mystic Vision of the Night display'd:  
These are the frowning Tyrants in thy Dream;  
That chas'd the Slaves, and we their flying Game.

SOME Part, said she, resembled this, I own;  
And some remains a Riddle yet unknown:  
What meant that God, which still, methinks, I view?  
That radiant Deity! so much like You!  
And what the Fields above, which he propos'd?  
Say, if the Mystery can be disclos'd?

To whom the Youth: Our active Fancy seems  
For ever roving, roving most in Dreams:

## 80 P O E M S

For then the Soul, disburden'd of her Load,  
Soars high, and grows prophetic, like a God ;  
Minds Things when past, as present to our View ;  
And, by Allusion, knows the future too.

Thus, when to Sleep your musing Head reclin'd,  
She kept our Ev'ning Converse in her Mind ;  
Reflected on the Joys my Country yields,  
Joys, sweet as those in yonder azure Fields ;  
Till soaring higher, striving to discern  
Her hidden Fate, and future Fortune learn,  
Heav'n shew'd her something like this Morning Chace,  
By trembling Slaves, who fled their Tyrant's Face ;  
Perhaps to warn us timely from our Bed ;  
For, O my dear AMANDA ! had we stay'd,  
I had not liv'd to tell this mystic Tale,  
Nor you, to hear the Secrets I reveal — —  
But let us to my happy Country steer,  
Nor longer wait impending Ruin here.

So spake the Youth ; and, with a gracious Look,  
He seem'd to sanctify the Words he spoke.

Go, she reply'd ; go were you are inclin'd ;  
Your faithful Lover will not stay behind.

If

If o'er the Seas you shall attempt your Way,  
The Seas shall not compel me here to stay;  
Nor will I fear the Surges of the Deep;  
(For Surges oft, you say, affail the Ship)  
Calm and compos'd, intrepid, will I stand,  
Till you conduct me to your native Land.  
Or, if you wou'd some other Clime pursue,  
Then shall some other Climate please me too..  
And when the happy destin'd Land we meet,  
Where Providence shall fix our wand'ring Feet;  
With joyful Servitude, I'll still attend  
On you, my nuptial Lord, and dearest Friend.  
Soon as AURORA spreads her purple Ray,  
When you awake to chace the nimble Prey,  
I'll also rise; and, with an equal Art,  
Display the Net, or speed the pointed Dart;  
Or search the Plains, and tasteful Herbs provide;  
Or strip the Vines, and press their juicy Pride:  
Each Ev'ning will I fondly deck your Bed  
With sweetest Flow'rets gather'd from the Mead;  
And when, dissolv'd in downy Sleep, you lie,  
I'll wake, and watch if Foes approach too nigh:  
To guard your Life, all Hazards will I run;  
And, for your Safety, sacrifice my own.

To whom the Youth: No Hazards shall you run;  
 Nor, for my Safety, sacrifice your own;  
 Nor yet at Ev'ning fondly deck my Bed  
 With sweetest Flow'rets, gather'd from the Mead;  
 Nor shall **AMANDA** tasteful Herbs explore;  
 Nor shall **AVARO** chase the savage Boar:  
 A softer Bed, than Flow'rs, shall give you Rest;  
 A choicer Meat, than Fruits, indulge your Taste.  
 Ten Thousand Things my grateful Soul shall find,  
 To charm your Fancy, and delight your Mind;  
 I'll vary Love a hundred diff'rent Ways,  
 And institute new Arts to make it please:  
 So shall our future Race of Children see  
 A constant Proverb made of you and me:  
 When **British** Youths shall court the doubting Dame,  
 And want Expressions equal to their Flame;  
 Then, strongly to attest it, shall be said,  
 " *True as AVARO to the Indian Maid.*"

To whom **AMANDA**, (pausing at the *Name*)  
 What meant **AVARO** by the *doubting Dame*?  
 Has any of your **British** Damsels made  
 A *Doubt* of what such godlike Being said?

Or

Or is it customary to your Clime?  
 Has ever Youth committed such a *Crime*,  
 As base *Ingratitude*? Has any there  
 Deluded first, and then forsook the Fair?  
 I cannot think, your Love will e'er decline,  
 Nor can my radiant Angel question mine.  
 By yon bright Beams, which paint the rising Day;  
 By thy bright Charms, as beautiful as they;  
 By all our pleasing Hours of Love, I vow  
 To share your Fate thro' ev'ry Scene of Woe;  
 Content, with you, to yield my vital Breath;  
 For Life, without you, would but lengthen Death.

With such sweet Talk their Moments they beguile,  
 Both seem impatient for the destin'd Isle;  
 He daily vows, and daily is believ'd;  
 She daily hears, and daily is deceiv'd.



## CANTO IV.

**F**arewell, bright Goddess of th' *Idalian* Grove;  
 Farewell, ye sportive Deities of Love!  
 No longer I your pleasing Joys rehearse;  
 A rougher Theme demands my pensive Verse;

A Scene of Woes remain to be display'd,  
 Indulgent Love with Slavery repaid:  
 Ingatitude, and broken Vows, and Lies,  
 The mighty Ills that spring from Avarice,  
 Provoke my Lays: Your Aid, ye Muses, bring;  
 Assist my Tragic Numbers, while I sing.  
 Say, what ensu'd, when, on the briny Deep,  
 The watchful Dame beheld a floating Ship?  
 She call'd, and beckon'd to it from the Shore;  
 Then to the Youth the grateful Tidings bore;  
 And said, I something see like winged Trees,  
 (Strange to behold!) fly swiftly o'er the Seas;  
 Their bulky Roots upon the Billows float:  
 Say, is not this the Ship, you long have sought?  
 Or I mistake, or, by the Gods Command,  
 This comes to bear us to your native Land:  
 Then hasten, see the Partner of your Heart,  
 With You, her Guide, is ready to depart;  
 My Father, Mother, Friends, I bid Adieu,  
 Friends, Father, Mother, not so dear as You.

To whom the Youth, with smiling Brow, reply'd:  
 O thou true Pattern of a faithful Bride!

Who

Who dar'ft thy Father, Mother, Friends resign;  
And risque thy own dear Life, to rescue mine! —  
If I forget the Debt I owe to *Thee*,  
May all the Gods forget their Care of *Me*.  
In more wild Desarts let me rove again;  
Nor find a Friend, like *Thee*, to ease my Pain!  
There let the Vultures, Wolves, and Tigers tear  
This Body, *Thou* hast kindly nourish'd here:

So saying, to the Beach he straight descends;  
And, by the Flag discerns the Crew his Friends.  
And now his Heart exults within his Breast;  
His loving Mate an equal Joy confeft;  
She, with him, gladly ventures on the Main,  
Unthinking of her future Toil and Pain.

So, to the Plough, the Heifer, yet unbroke,  
Walks chearful on, nor dreads th' impending Yoke;  
Till, in the Fields, urg'd with the piercing Goad,  
She groans, and writhes, reluctant with her Load.

The British Bark was to *Barbados* bound:  
Th' expected Shore the Sailors quickly found;

Where,

Where, safe from Danger, now the perjur'd Youth,  
 False to his former Vows of sacred Truth,  
 Reflecting, counts the Int'rest he had lost,  
 While Fate set in'd him on the *Indian Coast*:  
 The frugal Thoughts suppress his am'rous Flame,  
 And prompt him to betray the faithful Dame,  
 Yet scarce he can the cursed Fact pursue;  
 But hesitates at what he fain wou'd do:  
 For, tho' his Av'rice moves him to the Ill,  
 His Gratitude within him struggles still;  
 And, 'twixt two Passions, neither guides his Will.

{

As when two Scales, with equal Loads suspend,  
 Sway to and fro; alternate both descend,  
 Till, undeclining, each aloft abides;  
 Nor this, nor that, the doubtful Weight decides.

So stood the doubtful Youth a-while; nor wou'd  
 Forsake the Evil, nor pursue the Good;  
 Till, as the Sailors in the Haven stay,  
 To purchase Slaves, the Planters croud the Key:  
 One asks, for what the *Negro* may be sold;  
 Then bids a Price, and shews the tempting Gold:

Which

Which when AVARO views with greedy Eyes,  
 He soon resolves to gain th' alluring Prize ;  
 Nor Oaths, nor Gratitude, can longer bind ;  
 Her Fate he thus determines in his Mind :

“ SUPPOSE I should conduct this *Indian* o'er ;  
 “ And thus, instead of Gold, import a *Moor*——  
 “ Would not my Sire, with stern contracted Brows  
 “ Condemn my Choice, and curse my nuptial Vows ?  
 “ Was it for this I learn'd the Merchant's Art ?  
 “ Only to gain a doating *Negro's* Heart !  
 “ Was it for this the raging Seas I crost ?  
 “ No ; Gold induc'd me to the *Indian* Coast ;  
 “ And Gold is offer'd for this simple Dame ;  
 “ Shall I refuse it, or renounce my Flame ?——  
 “ Let am'rous Fools their tiresome Joys renew,  
 “ And doat on *Love*, while *Int'rest* I pursue.”  
 He added not ; for now, intent on Gold,  
 And dead to all Remorse, the *Dame* he sold.

AMANDA stood confounded with Surprize,  
 And silently reproach'd him with her Eyes :  
 She often try'd to speak ; but when she try'd,  
 Her Heart swell'd full, her Voice its Aid deny'd ;  
And,

And, when she made her fault'ring Tongue obey,  
These Words, commix'd with Sighs, found out their Way,

“ Who can the mystic Ways of Fate explain?  
“ Am I awake, or do I dream again?  
“ Is this the sad Reward of all my Care?  
“ Was it for this I chear'd thee in Despair?  
“ The Gods above (if any Gods there be)  
“ Witness what I have done to succour thee!  
“ Yet, if my *Kindness* can't thy Pity move,  
“ Pity the *Fruits* of our unhappy *Love*:  
“ Oh! let the Infant in my pregnant Womb,  
“ Excite thee to revoke my threaten'd Doom!  
“ Think how the future Slave, in Climes remote,  
“ Shall curse the treach'rous Sire, that him begot.”

So spake the mourning Dame, but spake in vain;  
Th' obdurate Youth insults her with Disdain;  
Not all her *Kindness* could his Pity move,  
Nor yet the *Fruits* of their unhappy *Love*.  
But, as the Flames, which soften Wax, display  
The same warm Force to harden Fordid Clay;  
That Motive, which would melt another Heart,  
More harden'd his, and made him a double Villain's Part.

He,

He, for the Child, demands a larger Sum ;  
And sells it, while an Embryo in the Womb.

And now he sternly takes her by the Hand ;  
Then drags her on, reluctant, to the Land ;  
While, as she walks, her dismal Fate she moans,  
The Rocks around her echo to her Groans :  
“ O base, ungrateful Youth ! she loudly cries ;  
“ O base, ungrateful Youth ! the Shore replies :  
“ And canst thou, cruel, perjur’d Villain ! leave  
“ Thy tender Infant too, an abject Slave,  
“ To toil, and groan, and bleed beneath the Rod ?  
“ Fool, that I was, to think thou wert a God !  
“ Sure from some savage Tiger art thou sprung——  
“ No ! Tigers feed, and fawn upon their Young :  
“ But thou despisest all paternal Cares,  
“ The Fate of Infants, and their Mothers Pray’ra.”

Now vain she does her wretched State deplore ;  
Pleas’d with the Gold, he gladly quits the Shore ;  
The ruffing Winds dilate the Sails, the Ship  
Divides the Waves, and skims along the Deep.  
Three Days the bellying Canvas gently swells,  
Clear shines the Sun, and friendly blow the Gales ;

Then

Then frowning Clouds invest the vaulted Sky,  
 And hollow Winds proclaim a Tempest nigh ;  
 Fierce BOREAS loudly o'er the Ocean roars,  
 Smoke the white Waves, and found the adverse Shores ;  
 While, to increase the Horrors of the Main,  
 Descends a Deluge of impetuous Rain.

The giddy Ship on circling Eddies rides,  
 Toss'd, and retoss'd, the Sport of Winds and Tides.  
 Redoubled Peals of roaring Thunder roll,  
 And Flames, conflicting, flash from Pole to Pole,  
 While guilty Thoughts distract AVARO's Soul.  
 Of Life despairing, tho' afraid to die,  
 One fatal Effort yet he means to try :  
 While all the busy Crew, with panting Breath,  
 Were lab'ring to repel the liquid Death ;  
 AVARO from the Stern the Boat divides,  
 And yields up to the Fury of the Tides :  
 Toss'd on the boist'rous Wave, the Vessel flies,  
 Now sinking low, now mounting to the Skies ;  
 Till soon the Storm decreas'd, and, by Degrees,  
 Hush'd were the Winds, and calm the ruffled Seas ;  
 The Sailors safely steer their Course again,  
 And leave AVARO floating on the Main ;

Who landed quickly on a lonely Isle,  
Where human Feet ne'er print the baleful Soil;  
A dreary Wilderness was all appear'd,  
And howling Wolves the only Sound he heard;  
A thousand Deaths he views before his Eyes,  
A thousand Guilt-created Fiends arise;  
A *conscious Hell* within his Bosom burns,  
And racks his tortur'd Soul, while thus he mourns:

“ Curs'd be the Precepts of my selfish Sire,  
“ Who bad me after fatal Gold aspire!  
“ Curs'd be myself, and doubly curs'd, who sold  
“ A faithful Friend, to gain that fatal Gold!—  
“ O! could these gloomy Woods my Sin conceal,  
“ Or in my Bosom quench this fiery *Hell*;  
“ Here would I pine my wretched Life away,  
“ Or to the hungry Savage fall a Prey—  
“ But can the gloomy Woods conceal my Sin,  
“ Or cooling Shadows quench the *Hell* within?  
“ No; like some Spirit banish'd Heav'n, I find  
“ Terrors in ev'ry Place, to rack my Mind;  
“ Tormenting conscious Plagues increase my Care,  
“ And guilty Thoughts indulge my just Despair—

“ O! where shall I that piercing Eye evade,  
 “ That scans the Depths of Hell’s tremendous Shade ?

So saying, straight he gave a hideous Glare,  
 With rolling Eyes, that witness’d strong Despair :  
 Then drew his pointed Weapon from the Sheath,  
 Confus’dly wild, and all his Thoughts on Death ;  
 To pierce his trembling Heart he thrice essay’d,  
 And thrice his coward Arm deny’d its Aid :  
 Meanwhile a howling Wolf, with Hunger prest,  
 Leap’d on the Wretch, and seiz’d him by the Breast ;  
 Tore out his Heart, and lick’d the purple Flood ;  
 For Earth refus’d to drink the *Villain*’s Blood.



*To a Young LADY, who had a CUPID given Her.*

**F**AIR Lady, take a special Care,  
 This pleasing Toy become no Snare ;  
 The *subtle* God is full of Wiles,  
 And Mischiefs most, when most he smiles.  
 Beware to clasp him in your Arms,  
 Nor gaze too much upon his Charms ;

Left

Left in a borrow'd Shape he wound,  
As once unhappy Dido found ;  
For while she view'd his smiling Look,  
Her Heart receiv'd a fatal Stroke.



*On the Hon. Mrs. HORNER's Travelling  
for the Recovery of her Health.*

C L A R I S S A long has sought, in vain,  
Physicians Aid, to ease her Pain ;  
But now their Aid she seeks no more,  
Nor longer will their Drugs endure :  
Spite of their Art, her Spirits fail,  
Her Cheeks are turn'd a languid Pale ;  
Yet, tho' her mortal Part's decay'd,  
Her nobler *Vertue* does not fade ;  
Her Soul, inflexible to Ill,  
In Piety advances still :  
So Metals lie in chymic Fires ;  
And, while the groffer Part expires,  
The Flames refine the golden Ore,  
And make it brighter than before.

SHE now a warmer Clime explores,  
 To prove the Air of foreign Shores:  
 O! may the temp'rate Breezes bring  
 Salubrious Med'cines on their Wing :  
 Thou, PHOEBUS, too, propitious shine;  
 And, (since the Power of Physic's thine)  
 Send blooming Health on ev'ry Beam,  
 Dispel her Pains, and clear the Dame:  
 Else must my melancholy Strain,  
 In mournful Elegies, complain.  
 Ev'n now, too well, these Numbers show,  
 My drooping Fancy's damp'd with Woe:  
 Yet, tho' my Verse deserves no Praise,  
 Let no sour Critic damn my Lays;  
 Since OVID's self but faintly sung,  
 When only Grief inspir'd his Tongue.



### *The A B S E N T L O V E R.*

**A**LEXIS, walking in the Park,  
 Met CHLOE, just before 'twas dark:  
 He ask'd a Kiss, nor she deny'd,  
 I don't know what they did beside:

But,

But, as a Child, in Thought, chews o'er  
The Sweatmeats which he eat before ;  
So in his Mind **Alexis** keeps  
The dear Impression of her Lips :  
He felt it all the foll'wing Day,  
At Night indulg'd it at the Play ;  
One ling'ring Act he musing stay'd,  
But knew not what the Actors said ;  
He thought the Park in *Drury-Lane*,  
Believ'd the Nymph appear'd again ;  
He seems to view her snowy Neck,  
Her ruby Lip, and rosy Cheek,  
Her graceful Smiles, and sparkling Eyes,  
Her panting Bosom fall and rise :  
And now he clasp'd her in his Arms,  
('Twas all imaginary Charms)  
When, rising to the Height of Bliss,  
His Lips effay'd to take a Kiss ;  
An Orange wench trod on his Foot ;  
And screaming, " *Will you have some Fruit ?* "  
Surpriz'd, he dropt the pleasing Theme,  
And found his Joys a waking Dream ;  
He swore, and wept, and kick'd the Wench,  
Forgot his Hat, and left the Bench.

*On a Screen, work'd in Flowers by Her  
Royal Highness A N N E, Princess  
of O R A N G E.*

ILLUSTRIOUS Nymph! whose Art could raise  
This skilful Monument of Praise,  
Forgive the Bard, who strikes the Lyre;  
Accept the Verse, your Toils inspire:  
For, when your Labours strike my Eyes,  
The voluntary Numbers rise.  
Who can be silent, when they view  
This fair Creation, wrought by You?  
Each Flow'r does with such Lustre shine,  
Such Beauties crown the gay Design;  
That Nature fix'd in Wonder stands,  
To see she's rival'd by your Hands;  
And, jealous of your Art, displays  
A Blush, when she the Work surveys.  
Yet this accomplish'd Piece, we find,  
Shews a faint Image of your Mind;  
The lovely Charms, and Graces here,  
But copy those, that centre there.

To His ROYAL HIGHNESS

The DUKE of CUMBERLAND,

On His BIRTH-DAY.

TWELVE \* times hath Sol his annual Race begun,  
Since Jove descended from his radiant Throne;  
Around the pendent Globe, the God purſ'rd  
His circling March, and human Actions view'd;  
But griev'd that *Virtue* droop'd her languid Head,  
While *Vice* from Clime to Clime contagious spread;  
Back, to his native Seat, he sternly flies;  
And sends an Edict thro' the spacious Skies,  
To call th'Ethereal Pow'rs: Swift flew his Word;  
Th'Ethereal Pow'rs, as swift, attend their Lord.  
Upon *Olympus'* Top the Synod met,  
Where, high inthron'd, the thund'ring Monarch sat;  
And, with a Nod, that shook the Spheres, he swore,  
The Minor Gods should visit Earth no more.

\* This was writ, when the Duke enter'd into the Twelfth Year of his Age.

What, must your earthly Sons, MINERVA cry'd,  
Explore their doubtful Way without a Guide?

If PALLAS must no more to Mortals go,  
Let PALLAS beg a Substitute below,  
Worthy to rule the World, whose noble Mind  
May copy out the Gods to human Kind.  
She lowly bow'd; and Jove, consenting, smil'd;  
Go, form, said he, this new-imagin'd Child:

Collect the best Materials, where you will;  
And let us see, for once, MINERVA's Skill.  
He said; she hastes o'er the bright Abodes,  
Selecting each Perfection of the Gods:  
From MARS the warlike Strength and Courage took;  
But soften'd them with VENUS' graceful Look:  
To these she added HERMES' Eloquence,  
And crown'd it with her own superior Sense:  
Some of APOLLO's piercing Rays she stole;  
And while the Muses play'd, she form'd a Soul.  
When thus compos'd the bright Ingredients lay,  
She nobly dress'd them in Ethereal Clay;  
Jove touch'd the Mass with his enliv'ning Hand,  
And vital Warmth inspir'd a CUMBERLAND.

To D E A T H.

An I R R E G U L A R O D E.

I.

H A I L, formidable K I N G !  
My Muse thy dreaded Fame shall sing;  
Why should old HOMER's pompous Lays  
Immortalize ACHILLES' Praise!  
Or why should ADDISON's harmonious Verse  
Our MARLBRO's nobler Deeds rehearse?  
Alas ! no more these *Heroes* shine ;  
Their Pow'r is all subdu'd by *Thine*.  
Where are these mighty *Leaders* now,  
Great POMPEY, CÆSAR, and Young AMMON too,  
Who thought he drew immortal Breath?  
These bold ambitious Sons of MARS,  
Who dy'd the Globe with bloody Wars,  
Are vanquish'd all by thee, victorious DEATH !

II.

Ev'n while they liv'd, their Martial Hate  
But firmer fix'd thy Throne ;  
Nor, tho' it hasten'd others Fate,  
Could it delay their own.

# 100 P O E M S

Nor didst thou want *their Rage* to kill ;  
*Thy own* can execute thy Will :  
Whene'er thou dost exert thy Pow'r,  
**A** Thousand morbid Troops thy Call obey ;  
Sometimes thy wasting Plagues devour,  
And sweep whole Realms away.

Now with contagious Biles the City mourns,  
And now thy scorching Fever burns,  
Or trembling Quartan chills ;  
Of Heat and Cold the dire Extremes  
Now freeze, now fire the Blood with Flames,  
Till various Torment kills.

## III.

CONSUMPTIONS, and Rheumatic Pain,  
And Apoplectic Fits, that rack the Brain ;  
Soul-panting Asthmas, Dropsy, and Catarrh,  
Gout, Palsey, Lunacy, and black Despair ;  
Pangs, that neglected Lovers feel ;  
Corroding Jealousy, their earthly Hell,  
Which makes the injur'd Woman wild ;  
And pow'rful Spleen that gets the *Man* with Child ;  
Physicians, Surgeons, Bawds, and Whores, and Wine,  
Are all obsequious Ministers of *Thine* ;

Nay,

Nay, and Religion too,  
When Hypocrites their Interest pursue,  
Or frantic Zeal inspires,  
It calls for Racks, and Wheels, and Fires:  
Then all our mystic Articles of Faith,  
Instead of saving Life, become the Cause of Death.

IV.

GREAT MONARCH! how secure must be thy Crown,  
When all these Things conspire to prop thy Throne?  
Yet, in thy universal Reign,  
Thou dost not use tyrannic Sway.  
Whate'er the Weak and Tim'rous say,  
Who tremble at thy Frown;  
Thou art propitious to our Pain,  
And break'st the groaning Pris'ner's Chain,  
Which Tyranny put on.  
In *Thee* the Lover quits his Care,  
Nor longer courts the cruel *Fair*,  
Her Coldness mourns no more:  
In *Thee* Ambition ends its Race,  
And finds at length the destin'd Place,  
It ne'er could find before:

The Merchant too, who plows the Main,  
 In greedy Quest of Gain,  
 By Thee to happier Climes is brought,  
 Than those his wild, infatiate Av'rice sought.

## V.

PROPTITIOUS Succourer of the Distrest,  
 Who often, by the Dead, dost make the Living blest !  
 How could profuse *Heirs* attend  
 Their Mistress, Bottle, Ball, and Play,  
 If timely *Thou* wert not their Friend,  
 To snatch the scraping Sire away ?  
 How would dull Poets weary Time  
 With their insipid Rhyme,  
 And tease and tire the Reader's Ear  
 With Party Feuds, and Paper Wars,  
 If *Thou*, great Critic ! didst not use  
 Thy Pow'r, to point a Period for their Muse ?  
 The Bard, at thy decisive Will,  
 Discards his *mercenary Quill*,  
 Then all his mighty Volumes lie  
 Hid in the peaceful *Tomb* of vast Obscurity.

VI.

I, like the rest, advance my Laws,  
With uncouth Numbers, rumble forth a Song,  
Sedately dull, to celebrate thy Praise;  
And lash, and spur the heavy lab'ring Mule along:  
But soon the fatal Time must come,  
(Ordain'd by Heav'n's unerring Doom)  
When Thou shalt cut the vital Thread,  
And shove the verbal Embryos from my Head.  
Then, since I'm sure to meet my Fate,  
How vain would *Hope* appear?  
Since *Fear* cannot protract the Date,  
How foolish 'twere to *fear*?  
I'll strive, at least, to stand prepar'd,  
Thy Summons to obey;  
Nor would I think thy Sentence hard,  
Nor wish, nor fear the *Day*;  
But live in conscious Peace, and die without Dismay.

VII.

FALLACIOUS Reas'ners wrong *Thee*, when  
They call thy Laws severe.  
Severe! to whom? *To wicked Men*:  
Then let the Wicked fear.

Thou judgeſt all with equal Laws,  
No venal Witneſs backs thy Caufe,

No Bribeſ to *Thee* are known;

If thy impartial Hand but ſtrike,  
The Prince and Peaſant fall alike,

The Courtier and the Clown.

What tho' a-while the Beggar groans,

While Kings enjoy their gilded Thrones?

What are Diſtinctions, Pomp, and Regal Train,  
And *Honours*, got with Care, and kept with Pain?  
One friendly Stroke of *Thine* ſets level all again.

All earthly Grandeur muſt decline;

Nay, ev'n Great *George*'s Pow'r ſubmit to *Thine*;

But *thy Dominion* ſhall endure,

Till *Phoebus* meaſures Time no more:

Then all ſhall be in dark Oblivion caſt,

And ev'ry mortal Kingdom fall; but thine ſhall fall the laſt.

On Mrs. L——s.

SUCH Sweetness and Goodness together combin'd ;  
So beauteous her Face, and so bright is her Mind ;  
So loving, yet chaste : and so humble, yet fair ;  
So comely her Shape, and so decent her Air ;  
So skilful, that Nature's improv'd by her Art ;  
So prudent her Head, and so bounteous her Heart ;  
So wise without Pride, and so modestly neat ;  
'Tis strange, this agreeable Creature's a Cheat !  
For, tho' she to Man, for a Mortal was giv'n,  
These Virtues betray her Extraction from Heav'n.



TRUTH and FALSEHOOD.

A FABLE.

SOON as the Iron Age on Earth began,  
And Vice found easy Entrance into Man ;  
Forth from her Cave infernal *Falshood* came ;  
*Falshood*, the Hate of Gods, of Men the Shame :

A silken Robe she wore, of various Hue,  
 Its Colour changing with each diff'rent View:  
 Studious to cheat, and eager to beguile,  
 She mimick'd *Truth*, and ap'd her heav'ly Smile;  
 But mimick'd *Truth* in vain; the varying Vest,  
 To ev'ry searching Eye, the Fiend confess'd.

At length she saw celestial *Truth* appear:  
 Serene her Brow, and chearful was her Air;  
 Her silver Locks with shining Fillets bound,  
 With Laurel Wreaths her peaceful Temples crown'd:  
 A Lilly Robe was girded round her Waist;  
 And, o'er her Arms, a radiant Mantle cast:  
 With decent Negligence, it hung behind;  
 And, loosely flowing, wanton'd in the Wind.  
 Thus *Truth* advanc'd, unknowing of Deceit;  
 And *Falsehood*, bowing low, began the Cheat:

H A I L, charming Maid, bright as the Morning Star,  
 Daughter of Jove, and Heav'n's peculiar Care!  
 'Tis thine to weigh the World in equal Scales,  
 And chide the conscious Soul, when Vice prevails,  
 Dispensing Justice with impartial Hand,  
 The mightiest Pow'rs submit to thy Command:

Ev'n

Ev'n Gods themselves, tho' in their Actions free,  
Consult, resolve, and act, as you decree:  
Great Sov'reign Jove, the first Ethereal Name,  
Advis'd with thee to form the heav'nly Frame:  
As Truth approv'd, he bad the Fabric rise,  
And spread the azure Mantle of the Skies;  
Plac'd ev'ry Planet in its proper Sphere,  
Nor rolls this Orb too wide, nor that too near—  
But why thus walk we, mindless of our Ease,  
Expos'd beneath the Sun's meridian Blaze?  
Better retire, and shun the scorching Ray,  
Till fanning Zephyrs cool our Ev'ning Way.  
Hear how yon limpid Streams run murmur'ring by,  
And tuneful Birds their sylvan Notes apply;  
See fragrant Shrubs along the Borders grow,  
And waving Shades beneath the Poplar Bough;  
All these invite us to the River's Side,  
To bathe our Limbs, and sport within the Tide;  
So cool the Stream, the flow'ry Bank so sweet,  
DIANA's Self might covet the Retreat:  
Nor can a short Diverſion check your Haste;  
Fresh Strength will soon succeed such welcome Rest:  
As rapid Currents, held a-while at Bay,  
With swifter Force pursue their liquid Way.

So spake the Phantom ; and, with friendly Look  
 Supporting what she said, approach'd the Brook :  
*Truth* follow'd, artless, unsuspicuous Maid !  
 And, in an evil Hour, the Voice obey'd.  
 Both, at the crystal Stream arriv'd, unbound  
 Their diff'rent Robes ; both cast them to the Ground :  
 The Fiend, upon the Margin, ling'ring stood ;  
 The naked Goddess leapt into the Flood :  
 Sporting, she swims the liquid Surface o'er,  
 Unmindful of the matchless Robe she wore.  
 Not *Falshood* so——She hasty seiz'd the Vest,  
 And with the beauteous Spoils herself she drest :  
 Then, wing'd with Joy, outflew the swiftest Wind,  
 Her own infernal Robe far left behind.  
 Straight she aspires above her former State,  
 And gains Admittance to the Rich and Great :  
 Nay, such her daring Pride, that some report,  
 When thus equipp'd, she boldly went to *Court* :  
 Their spake and look'd with such a graceful Air,  
 Mistaken *Fame* pronounc'd her wise and fair.  
 She fill'd the Wanton's Tongue with specious Names,  
 To deal in *Wounds*, and *Deaths*, in *Darts*, and *Flames* ;

He prefac'd all his leud Attempts with Love ;  
And *Fraud* prevail'd, where *Reason* could not move.  
At length she mingled with the learned Throng,  
And tun'd the Muses mercenary Song.  
In all the Labyrinths of Logic skill'd,  
She taught the subtle Reas'ner *not* to yield ;  
Instructed how to puzzle each Dispute,  
And boldly *baffle* Men, tho' not *confute*.  
Now, at the Bar, she play'd the Lawyer's Part ;  
And shap'd out *Right* and *Wrong* by Rules of Art ;  
Now, in the Senate, rais'd her pompous Tone ;  
Talk'd much of *Public Good*, but meant *her Own*.  
Oft to th'*Olympian* Field she turn'd her Eyes,  
And taught the Racers how to gain the Prize.  
In Schools and Temples too she claim'd a Share,  
While *Falshood's* Self admir'd her Influence there.

DELUDED *Truth* observ'd the Fraud too late,  
Nor knew she to repair a Loss so great :  
In vain her heav'nly Robes, she, sighing, seeks ;  
In vain the humid Pearls bedew her Cheeks ;  
In vain she tears the Laurel from her Hair,  
While Nature seems to sympathize her Care : .

The glowing Flow'rs, that crown th' am'nel'd Meads,  
 Weep fragrant Dews, and hang their drooping Heads ;  
 The sylvan Choirs, as conscious of her Pains,  
 Deplore her Loss in melancholy Strains.

Thus, pensive and uncloath'd, upon the Shore  
 She stands, and sees the Robe, which *Fal/b/ood* wore :  
 Detested Sight ! nor longer now she mourns ;  
 But, Grief to Rage transform'd, with Anger burns :  
 Into the Stream, the hellish Robe she tost ;  
 And scorn'd a Habit, so unlike the lost.

HENCE *Truth* now naked roves, as in Disgrace ;  
 None, but the Wise and Virtuous, see her Face :  
 From Cities far she modestly retreats,  
 From busy Scenes of Life, to peaceful Seats ;  
 Is chiefly found in lonely Fields and Cells,  
 Where Silence reigns, and Contemplation dwells.  
 Hence *Fal/b/ood* cheats us in the fair Disguise,  
 And seems *Truth*'s Self to all unwary Eyes ;  
 Triumphs and thrives, in Pow'r, and Wealth, and Fame ;  
 And builds her Glory on her Rival's Name ;  
 With Safety dares to flatter, fawn, and sooth ;  
 For who knows *Fal/b/ood*, when array'd like *Truth* ?

Proper Ingredients to make a Sceptic.

WOULD you, my Friend, a finish'd Sceptic make,  
To form his Nature, these Materials take ;  
A little Learning, twenty Grains of Sense,  
Join'd with a double Share of Ignorance ;  
Infuse a little Wit into the Scull,  
Which never fails to make a mighty Fool ;  
Two Drams of Faith ; a Tun of Doubting next ;  
Let all be with the Dregs of Reason mixt :  
When, in his Mind, these jarring Seeds are sown,  
He'll censure all Things, but approve of none.



On Two Young Ladies leaving the Country.

SAY, lovely Nymphs ! who fly from rural Sweets,  
To noisy Crouds, thick Air, and smoky Streets,  
Do Balls, or Plays, your graceful Steps invite ?  
Can Balls, or Plays, like Richmond Groves, delight ?

No

No tuneful PHILOMEL, in Town, complains,  
 To charm your list'ning Ear with vary'd Strains;  
 No fragrant Gales refresh the sick'ning Fields,  
 No chearful flow'ry Scenes the City yields :  
 But Mists, and lambent Fogs, where-e'er you pass,  
 Shall cloud the Graces that adorn your Face ;  
 While those bright Eyes, like sully'd Gems, appear,  
 Or Stars, just glimm'ring thro' the dusky Air.

Nor will you only Change of Beauty find ;  
 Illusive Scenes will mock your pensive Mind :  
 In cloudless Mornings, when you've drank your Tea,  
 And read a Page in SHERLOCK, or in — GAY ;  
 Perhaps your Thoughts, transported, here may rove,  
 And, to your Mind, present the blissful Grove :  
 You'll think to walk by silver *Thames's* Shore ;  
 Or trace the verdant Mead, as heretofore :  
 When at the Door, the rural Vision flies,  
 Smoak, Coaches, Fops; and Carmen meet your Eyes :  
 Straight back you'll turn, vex'd with the fruitless Search ;  
 Bid \* ROBERT call a Chair, and go to *Church*.

\* The Footman.

On MITES. To a LADY.

*'Tis but by way of Simile.* PRIOR.

DEAR Madam, did you never gaze,  
Thro' Optic-glass, on rotten *Cheese*?  
There, Madam, did you ne'er perceive  
A Crowd of dwarfish Creatures live?  
The little Things, elate with Pride,  
Strut to and fro, from Side to Side:  
In tiny Pomp, and pertly vain,  
Lords of their pleasing Orb, they reign;  
And, fill'd with harden'd Curds and Cream,  
Think the whole Dairy made for *them*.

So Men, conceited Lords of all,  
Walk proudly o'er this pendent Ball,  
Fond of their little Spot below,  
Nor greater Beings care to know;  
But think, those *Worlds*, which deck the Skies,  
Were only form'd to please *their* Eyes.

CHLOE,

## CHLOE'S CONQUEST.

**T**WAS by a purling Stream, beneath a Shade,  
 Young CHLOE, CUPID, and ALEXIS play'd :  
 Loye's Goddess, with her Doves, sat looking on ;  
 And, smiling, nodded to her wanton Son :  
 Her wanton Son his keenest Arrow drew :  
 Swift, to the Swain, the pointed Weapon flew :  
 Inflexible to Love, the Shepherd stood,  
 Repell'd the Shaft, and mock'd the baffled God ;  
 Till CHLOE rais'd her Eyes with killing Art,  
 And shot him with a more pernicious Dart :  
 Your's is the Victory, ALEXIS cries ;  
 Not CUPID's Shaft has kill'd, but CHLOE's Eyes.

---

## Occasion'd by a Dispute with a LADY.

**F**ORGIVE me, CHLOE ; 'twas a Deed,  
 That from Ambition sprung ;  
 I'll ne'er again presume to plead  
 With your victorious Tongue.

II.

Such Wisdom in your Words appears,  
 Such Music makes them please ;  
 Mine lose their Force, like Morning Stars  
 Before the Solar Rays.

III. Con-

III.

Conquer'd by your superior Sense,  
I drop the wordy War,  
Convinc'd, your pow'rful Eloquence  
Is strong, as you are fair.

IV.

Yet, tho' subdu'd, my Fall is great,  
Nor shamefully I yield ;  
'Tis Honour to contend, tho' beat,  
When *Angels* take the Field.

\*\*\*\*\*  
To Mr. WORSDALE. Occasion'd by seeing CELIA's Picture unfinish'd.

Writ extempore at Kensington.

YET, WORSDALE, yet, thou must exert thy Art,  
To paint the matchless Virtues of her Heart :  
'Tis not enough, that Wit and Beauty join ;  
But, in her Face, let Sense and Judgment shine ;  
Let Godlike Bounty crown her gen'rous Soul,  
And solid *Wisdom* dignify the *Whole* ;  
So, in thy Piece, shall each Beholder see  
A finish'd CELIA *Her*, a KNELLER *Thee*.

On

*On the QUEEN's GROTTO, in  
Richmond Gardens.*

**N**O W blush, CALYPSO, 'tis but just to yield,  
That all your mossy Caves are here excell'd.  
See how the Walls, in humble Form, advance,  
With careless Pride, and simple Elegance:  
See Art and Nature strive with equal Grace,  
And Fancy charm'd with what she can't surpass.  
Flow swiftly, THAMES; and flowing, still proclaim  
This Building's Beauty, and the Builder's Fame;  
Tell Indian Seas, thy NAIADS here have seen  
The sweetest Grotto, and the wisest QUEEN;  
Whose Royal Presence bles'd this humble Seat:  
How small the Mansion, and the Guest how Great!  
So Angels sat in Canaan's sweet Abodes,  
So rural Shades were honour'd with the Gods.  
Here may her Soul th'Almighty's Wonders trace,  
Far as the Worthies, that adorn the Place;  
Whose awful Busts around the Grot appear,  
The brightest Stars in Learning's Hemisphere:

Their

Their Fathers dimly view'd the dawning Ray;  
These rose like Suns, and brought a Flood of Day.

But cease, my Muse, and cast thy wond'ring Eyes,  
Where PHOEBUS' lofty \* Domes majestic rise;  
Whose tuneful Train have sung this Grotto's Praise,  
Contending each, till each deserves the Bays.

O pardon me, ye learned Sons of Fame!  
Who faintly, after you, attempt the Theme;  
Nor think, I rival your poetic Fires;  
My QUEEN, commands, and *Gratitude* inspires.  
And You, Imperial Foundress! deign to smile,  
Nor scorn the least, the latest Muse's Toil;  
Who brings the tardy Off'ring of her Lays,  
The first in *Duty*, tho' the last in *Praise*.

\* Eates and Westminster Schools.

*To the Author of a Poem on the Duke of Lorrain's Arrival at the British Court.*

IS DENHAM's nervous Muse reviv'd again,  
 To hail the Regal Visit of LORRAIN?  
 Or is it POPE's harmonious Voice we hear,  
 Or whose majestic Numbers charm our Ear?  
 What modest Youth fears to expose his Name,  
 When ev'ry Line so justly merits Fame?  
 LORRAIN may learn to rule of *Britain's King* ;  
 But *British Bards* may learn of *Thee* to sing.  
 Who'e'er thou art, these feeble Lays receive,  
 Tho' I this Tribute with Reluctance give ;  
 For, when my Eye thy pompous Verse surveys,  
 I read with *Wonder*, but with *Envy* praise.

So, when *Britannia's Senators* contest,  
 And jarring Feuds enrage the Patriot's Breast ;  
 If some judicious Speech great WALPOLE makes,  
 Opposing Parties praise him, while he speaks ;  
 His Foes ~~refuse~~ the long-disputed Cause ;  
 And, spite of Malice, Envy gives Applause.

On FLORELLA's Birth-Day.

THE Queen of Love, and PALLAS once, 'tis said,  
Had both agreed to form a finish'd Maid,  
Upon a noted *Day* they flew to Earth,  
A *Day* still noted by FLORELLA's Birth:  
Both Deities employ'd their utmost Care,  
To make their darling Lady wise and fair:  
This gave her Beauty, that a sprightly Wit,  
Which render'd Soul and Body justly fit:  
But MERCURY, that nimble winged Thief,  
Who loves his Joke, as dearly as his Life,  
Down from *Olympus* to his Sisters flew,  
When just to Life their little Embryo grew;  
And pour'd a little *Folly* in her Breast;  
A little *Folly* leaven'd all the rest:  
Hence 'tis, she's sometimes sprightly, sometimes dull;  
And sometimes witty, sometimes quite a *Fool*;  
Scarce foolish now, nor witty, sprightly neither;  
But sprightly, witty, foolish, all together.

To the Rev. Dr. Freind, on his quitting  
Westminster School.

IF void of Art my languid Verse appears,  
Forgive, O FREIND, the Bard, who sings in Tears:  
Rude are the Lays, which only Grief adorns,  
And dull the Muses, when APOLLO mourns;  
When *Science* trembles o'er MINERVA's Shrine,  
To see her fav'rite Priest his Charge resign.  
Yet why should Grief debase his glorious Name,  
Or blast the Bays his Merits justly claim?  
No venal View his noble Temper sways;  
He quits with Honour, what he kept with Praise.  
As some wise *Leader*, in successful Wars,  
Worn out with Age, and cover'd o'er with Scars,  
Resigns the Post, he bravely long sustain'd,  
Crown'd with the *Palm*, his former Valour gain'd:  
So thou, paternal *Sage*, may'st now repose;  
Nor seek new Laurels, to adorn thy Brows;  
Review thy Toils, and see what polish'd Peers  
Honour thy forming Hand, and studious Cares:

## On several Occasions. 121

Let learned CARTER, elegant of Taste,  
Confess the Mould, in which his Mind was cast :  
Let HERVEY's Muse her Tutor's Worth proclaim,  
And PELHAM's Royal Trust declare thy Fame ;  
PELHAM, in whose capacious Soul we find  
The *Scholar*, *Statesman*, and the *Patriot* join'd.  
Nor shall the tender Plants, which round thee stand,  
E'er prove ungrateful to the Planter's Hand ;  
Water'd by *Thee*, their well-fix'd Roots extend,  
Their Branches flourish, and the Fruits ascend ;  
While pleasing Hope with Expectation smiles,  
To reap the future Product of thy Toils,  
Intent to see thy Pupils shining forth,  
Whose Actions soon shall better speak thy Worth ;  
When in the Train of Senators they come,  
Refin'd with all the Arts of *Greece* and *Rome* ;  
While in each *Age* their prudent Counsels shew  
Their Master's Loyalty, and Learning too.  
Thus have thy Precepts made thy Province shine,  
And ev'n MINERVA's *Atbens* yield to *thine*.

*On CELIA's Picture, drawn by Sir  
Godfrey Kneller.*

WITH such a sapient Eye, and heav'nly Mind,  
MINERVA taught her Arts to human Kind ;  
With such attractive Charms, and graceful Air,  
VENUS was judg'd the *Queen* of all the *Fair* :  
Such Sense and Beauty to the Painter shone,  
He drew *Two* Goddeses to finish *One*.



*On the Marriage of His Serene Highness  
the Prince of Orange.*

ILLUSTRIous Prince ! forgive the feeble Lay,  
That now aspires to hail your Nuptial Day ;  
Nor scorn a Muse, the meanest of the Nine,  
Who brings her humble Off'ring to your Shrine.  
And you, Imperial Nymph ! whose lovely Face  
Invites the Hero to your chaste Embrace,  
Vouchsafe a Spark of your celestial Fire ;  
Harmonious Words, and pleasing Thoughts inspire,  
Soft, as your Love, and tuneful as your Lyre:

3  
So

So shall my Numbers charm the list'ning Ear,  
And ev'n the glad NASSAU delighted hear.

NASSAU has long enrich'd the Book of Fame,  
And ANNA now adorns the noble Name.

Nations, who saw the Light of ORANGE rise,  
With awful Splendor in the *Belgian* Skies;  
Shall soon behold it with new Lustre shine,  
Join'd to a glorious Star, of BRUNSWIC's Line.

So, where the flowing *Sambre* gently glides,  
The Swain delights to view the beauteous Tides:  
But, when his more extended Eye surveys  
The shining Torrent join the spacious *Maeſe*;  
Both Rivers, thus, with friendly Union flow,  
And to the Sight superior Beauty show.

WHENE'ER the Gods a noble Race intend,  
They suit the Causes to the destin'd End,  
Nor yoke unequal Hearts in Nuptial Love:  
Jove's valiant Bird despairs the fearful Dove;  
Great Minds, by native Sympathy, combine,  
As golden Particles the closest join.  
Paternal Virtues in their Bosom roll,  
Ally'd in Love by Nobleness of Soul:

Hence Thrones and Sceptres shine neglected Things,  
 Hence Royal ~~ANNE~~ prefers NASSAU to Kings;  
 While *Britons* with united Hearts rejoice,  
 And willing Senators applaud the Choice,  
 To see their KING (to Honour ever true)  
 Discharge the Debt to sacred WILLIAM due;  
 Immortal WILLIAM! by whose prudent Cares  
 We yet enjoy the Fruits of all our Wars;  
 Our Laws, Religion, Liberty, and Peace,  
 And ev'n the Blessings of the BRUNSWIC Race.

Nor. Thou, illustrious ORANGE! blush to own,  
 Thy Honour, thus ally'd to *Albion's* Crown;  
 Blest with a Princess, in whose Form we trace  
 Her Father's Majesty, and Mother's Grace;  
 Bright Orbs of Pow'r, that, with propitious Ray,  
 Dispel our Clouds, and beautify our Day:  
 Not as the Comet, raging thro' the Air,  
 Infects the World with Pestilence and War;  
 But, like the Sun, their Beams of Goodness glow,  
 Inspiring Life, and clearing all below.  
 Such are the glorious SIRE, and gracious DAME,  
 From whence the beauteous Bride of ORANGE came.

And

And shall unerring Nature change her Kind?  
What Lion e'er produc'd a tim'rous Hind?  
The Royal Eagles Royal Eagles breed,  
And Heroes from heroick Sires proceed:  
*Rome's* Founder, thus, confess'd his Race Divine;  
Thus *NASSAU* copies the *NASSOVIAN* Line;  
Thus *ANNA*'s noble Stream of Virtue flows,  
High, as the Regal Spring, from whence it rose:  
Thrice happy Nymph, with ev'ry Grace supply'd!  
Thrice happy Prince, with such a heav'nly Bride!  
In whom superior Sense with Judgment joins,  
Her Beauty much, but more her Merit shines.  
How glorious! When such Worth adorns the Great,  
We hear, we see, admire, and imitate:  
Virtue, in Them, attracts remotest Eyes;  
But in the vulgar Soul, unheeded lies.  
As radiant *PHOBUS* darts superior Light,  
While smaller Planets shun the watchful Sight.

ACCOMPLISH'D thus, let her Example fire,  
The drooping Muse, and wake the sounding Lyre:  
To aid Religion, be her chiefeſt Care,  
(Heav'n justly claims the Soul it made so fair)

To stem the Torrent of licentious Rage;  
 And prop the Virtues of a sinking Age ;  
 Exalting Science to her antient Height,  
 To raise declining Arts, and make the Rude polite :  
 While great NASSAU, whose native Glory warms,  
 Whene'er his Country calls him forth to Arms,  
 May fire the *Belgians* in the Field of MARS,  
 Consult their Peace, or animate their Wars ;  
 Paint his Forefathers to their wond'ring Eye,  
 And teach 'em how to conquer, or to die ;  
 Like him, who bravely dar'd to break their Chain,  
 Tho' held by all the Force and Fraud of *Spain* :  
 For injur'd Liberty the Sword he draws,  
 Resolv'd to gain, or perish in the Cause ;  
 And having long the doubtful Combat try'd,  
 Like CÆSAR vanquish'd, and like CÆSAR \* dy'd ;  
 Tho' diff'rent far the Motives of their Mind ;  
 That fought to *conquer*, this to *save* Mankind ;  
 Till prais'd, lamented, envy'd, and admir'd,  
 The *Hero*, *Patriot*, and the *Prince* expir'd.

\* King WILLIAM's Great-Grandfather, the First great Afferter of the *Belgian Liberties*, assassinated at *Delph*.

O! where did then the Guardian Angels hide?  
Nor watch'd to turn the guilty Ball aside;  
When he, whom armed *Hosts* could not withstand,  
Now falls a Victim to *one* Villain's Hand!

But rise, ye Muses, quit the pensive Lay:  
Nor damp the Joys of this auspicious Day.  
Since yet the glorious Name of ORANGE stands,  
Since Royal ANNA seals the nuptial Bands;  
Soon may Imperial ADOLPHS rise again,  
Again new FRED'RICKS thunder on the Main,  
Rouzing the Martial Youth to War's Alarms,  
(If proud *Iberians* thine again in Arms)  
To guard their Country from tyrannic Pow'r,  
And be, what glorious WILLIAM was before.

Nor shall the *States* invading Forces fear,  
Ere pregnant Time the promis'd Heroes bear;  
Nor want Allies their Freedom to defend,  
Since BRUNSWIC reigns, and ALBION is their Friend;  
As branching Oaks protect the rural Swain,  
Secure from *Summer* Heat, and *Winter* Rain;

So shall our Monarch, with paternal Aid,  
 His Regal Shelter o'er *Batavia* spread:  
 Long as the Sceptre fills his Royal Hand,  
 A true *Palladium* shall insure the Land.

And if the prescient Muses guide my Lay,  
 Or future Secrets *Phoebus* can display;  
 The Day shall shine distinguish'd from the rest,  
 That *ANNA* dignify'd, and *HYMEN* blest;  
 In which *AVGVSTVS* fortifies his Throne,  
 And plans a Scheme of Union for his Son;  
 Bespeaks Allies for Princes yet to come,  
 New Friends to *BRITAIN*, and new Foes to *ROME*.

PROCEED, Great MONARCH! new Allies to gain,  
 And with new Nuptial Leagues our Peace maintain:  
 So shall thy beauteous Nymphs secure with Charms  
 That Safety, other Kings defend with Arms;  
 They, *VENUS* like, could *MARS* himself surprize,  
 And awe stern Tyrants with their conqu'ring Eyes.

V E R S E S to the Author  
In I M I T A T I O N of  
HORACE's ODE on PINDAR.

---

By a D I V I N E.

---

*Apply'd to the Marriage of his Highness  
the Prince of Orange, with A N N E,  
Princess Royal of Great Britain.*

W H O hopes to rival MILTON's Flame,  
With waxen Pinions fondly flies ;  
His Fall will give the Sea a Name,  
While he attempts to reach the Skies..

MILTON is like a Flood, whose Tide,  
Swell'd with tempestuous Deluge, roars,  
Which from some lofty Mountain's Side  
Resistless foams, and knows no Shores.

With sacred Laurels justly crown'd,  
 Whether, in bold, unfetter'd Strains,  
 His tow'ring Muse the common Bound,  
 Superior to all Rhyme, disdains;

Whether the Realms of endless Day  
 He fill with Wars, and rude Alarms;  
 Or set, in terrible Array,  
 Seraphic *Legions*, clad in Arms.

Aloft, with all their Forests, thrown  
 See Hills, from their Foundations raz'd !  
 See Angels hurl'd with Vengeance down,  
 When the ~~MESSIAH~~'s Standard blaz'd !

Or leads he to connubial Bow'rs  
 The new-form'd Pair ? The teeming Ground  
 Smiles with a Wilderness of Flow'rs,  
 Diffusing Gales of Fragrance round.

Lo ! ~~ADAM~~, with majestic Mien,  
 For Empire and Command design'd !  
 Consummate Beauty crowns his Queen,  
 With Dignity and Sweetness join'd.

While he the charming Scene displays,  
Where Innocence and Pleasure reign'd ;  
Delighted with his sacred Lays,  
We hear it lost, and feel it gain'd.

His Lays, inimitably fine,  
With Ecstasy each Passion move,  
When loud they trumpet War divine,  
Or softly warble human Love.

O STEPHEN ! this *Britannic* Swan  
Surmounts the Clouds with noble Flight,  
While I, at Distance, only can  
Admire him lift'ning to the Sight.

As the poor Bee, with endless Toil,  
To suck the Thyme, and blooming Rose,  
Skims over *Richmond's* fragrant Soil,  
Thus I with pleasing Pain compose.

You, with a happy Genius blest,  
In bolder Strains shall *NASSAU* sing,  
When *ANNA*, by the Graces drest,  
He to the Nuptial Dome shall bring :

*NASSAU.*

ANNA, enrich'd with various Charms  
 By the indulgent Care of Heav'n;  
 Than whom, into his longing Arms,  
 No greater Treasure can be giv'n.

Not, tho' with Riches of the *East*,  
 At His Command, the *Ganges* flow;  
 Tho', with full Empire, he posses'd  
 Whate'er Ambition wish'd below.

YE NEREIDS, with propitious Gales  
 The gilded Vessel kindly aid;  
 Let CUPIDS fan the swelling Sails,  
 And waft him to the Royal Maid.

\* WHEN THAMES, with floating Forests crown'd,  
 LEANDER safe arriv'd proclaims,  
 And of tumultuous Joy the Sound  
 Shall bid AUGUSTA rise in Flames;  
  
 Loud Thunder, bursting from her Tow'rs,  
 Shall signalize the sacred Day;  
 And Transport to the *Belgic* Shores,  
 For Blessings which they lent, convey.

\* This was written before the Prince came to *England*.

Around while *Hymeneals* ring,  
My Voice to highest Pitch I'll raise ;  
Thrice happy, if I can but sing  
An humble Ode to NASSAU's Praise.

You, soaring in heroic Verse  
By native Strength of Wing upborn,  
His godlike Virtues shall rehearse,  
And Beauties, which the Bride adorn.

He, in your Lays, shall finish'd rise  
For Council, or th'embattled Field ;  
Immortals the contested Prize  
To her superior Charms shall yield.

Then, ravish'd with prophetic Views,  
Succeeding Glories shall presage ;  
And, from the Genial Bed, the Muse  
Raise Princes, to improve the Age.

Who, bravely prodigal of Blood,  
Shall prove, that to set free Mankind,  
And conquer for the Public Good,  
The Race of NASSAU was design'd.

Thus

Thus great ALCIDES (Poets feign)  
 By Labours gain'd the Seats above;  
 Countries preserv'd, and Monsters slain,  
 Assert the genuine Son of Jove.



### *The A N S W E R.*

WHEN I, in feeble Verse, essay'd  
 NASSAU and ANNA's Praise,  
 A Lyric Muse flew o'er my Head,  
 And drop'd a Branch of Bays.

I would have fix'd it on my Brow;  
 But PHOEBUS said, Forbear;  
 'Tis *Vanity* to touch the Bough,  
 And *Sacrilege*, to wear.

Give it the Bard, who boldly dares  
 Attempt the *Roman* Lyre;  
 Who wisely checks, but not impairs  
 The tow'ring PINDAR's Fire.

Thus, Sir, to you, in PHOEBUS' Name,  
 The Laurel Wreath I send;  
 And, since the God denies *me* Fame,  
 Am glad it crowns my *Friend*.

*On Delia singing, and playing on Music.*

I.

WHEN DELIA tunes her vocal Song,  
And strikes the trembling Strings ;  
The list'ning Audience round her throng,  
Admiring, while she sings.

II.

BUT, when we view the skilful Fair,  
We're struck with more Surprize ;  
Before, she only pleas'd our Ear,  
But now, inchants our Eyes.

III.

BEAUTY and Harmony combin'd,  
Like secret Charms betray ;  
Like Ghosts in magic Rings confin'd,  
*We cannot stir away.*

IV.

SO Birds, imprudent, fall to Ground,  
When pleasing Notes they hear,  
Charm'd with the Piper's artful Sound,  
Till taken in his Snare.

*To the Right Honourable WILLIAM CLAYTON, Esq; (now Lord Sundon) on his being elected Representative in Parliament for Westminster, without Opposition.*

**T**O You, great Steward of the Public Trust,  
True to your King, and to your Country just!  
No venal Bard his joyful Tribute brings,  
Nor *Envy* sure can censure what he sings;  
Since each impartial Tongue your Praise declares,  
The Muse but echoes, what the Poet hears.

SOME, by their Birth, to Senates lay their Claim,  
Whose Folly shames the Seat, which honours *them*.  
But You, whose Merits mov'd the People's Voice,  
Unanimous, to make so wise a Choice,  
With solid Sense, and prudent Conduct shew,  
You grace the Senate, not the Senate You.  
Where, in the List of Patriots, could we find  
A sounder *Judgment*, a sincerer *Mind*?

Or where a juster *Hand*, to poise the Scale  
Of *Kings Prerogative*, and *Public Weal*?  
Nor *this* you strive to sink, nor *that* extend?  
Bigot to neither Side, to both a Friend.  
So flow the Spirits thro' your vital Frame;  
Nor yet this Member chill, nor that inflame.

True to your Principles, you never stray  
From *Public Good*, tho' Int'rest lead the Way:  
For *Public Good* you still employ your Tongue;  
And, rather than commit, you suffer Wrong.  
When *South-sea* \* Waves o'erflow'd the *British Plain*,  
And *Members* barter'd Honesty for Gain;  
No Gain, no Place, nor Profit could controul  
The stubborn Virtue of your steady Soul:  
You firm to *Honour, Truth, and Conscience* stood,  
Unfashionably just, and obstinately good.

But why should I in feeble Numbers tell  
Those Virtues, which your Actions paint so well?  
For all the Actions of your Life proclaim  
A Subject's loyal Love, a Patriot's Fame.  
Your Care to keep the People's Int'rest sure,  
Your Zeal to guard the Prince's Crown secure,

Make Prince and People both espouse your *Cause* ;  
 Witness their latest Choice, and loud *Applause* ;  
 When crowded Streets with Acclamations rung,  
 And CLAYTON's Praises dwelt on ev'ry Tongue ;  
 Parties themselves agreed your Worth to boast,  
 Or differ'd only, who should praise it most ;  
 While tim'rous Candidates the *Teſt* declin'd,  
 And, to your nobler Brow, the Palm resign'd :  
 So fly the Stars before the rising Sun ;  
 And, from his brighter Beams withdraw their own.



*To Mr. W I N D E R, (now Fellow) of  
 Corpus-Chrifti, Oxford; in Answer  
 to a Latin Epifte, which he ſent me.*

**S**OON as your partial Lays I ſaw,  
 I guess'd your crafty Views ;  
 And thought you writ in Verse, to draw  
 A Bill upon my Muse.

II.

But, since the Treasure you convey,  
Comes from the *Roman* Mine ;  
Forgive me, if I can't repay  
The Value of your Coin.

III.

While on thy manly Lines I dwell,  
Lines, that might *Popæ* employ ;  
What strange Vicissitudes I feel  
Of Sorrow, Love, and Joy.

IV.

Now Pleasure charms my glowing Soul,  
To hear thy pompous Song  
In soft, majestic Numbers, roll,  
Like *FLACCUS*, sweet and strong.

V.

But quickly sympathizing Pain  
- Succeeds my short Delight,  
To find thy moving, mournful Strain  
Describe thy \* Loss of Sight.

\* Mr. WINDER was much afflicted with sore Eyes, when he sent the Epistle.

VI.

140 P O E M S

VI.

I grieve to think, MACHAON's Art  
Can give thee no Relief;  
I weep, and wish my grateful Heart  
Could cure, or share, thy Grief.

VII.

No more to me Encomiums send;  
In such a learned Strain;  
But, if you'd compliment your Friend,  
Present him half your *Pain*.

VIII.

To PHOBUS make thy Music soar,  
To *Him* direct thy Lays;  
Invoke his Aid, and healing Pow'r,  
To purge the visual Rays.

IX.

For, if your Lyre but strike his Ear,  
(The Lyre you lately strung)  
The God of Verse and Light *must* hear  
A Suit so sweetly sung.

*A Description of a JOURNEY  
To Marlborough, Bath, Portsmouth, &c.*

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount  
PALMERSTON.*

WHILE some, my Lord, the *Roman Coast* explore,  
Survey the Fanes, and trace their Beauties o'er,  
Studious of Arts, by which ingenious BOYLE,  
Now draws the Plan, or now erects the Pile;  
More bounded in my Fancy, and my Purse,  
I, o'er domestic Plains, pursue my Course;  
And ev'ry pleasing Object in the Way,  
The Muse shall sing, if you accept her Lay.

WHEN CANCER fiercely glow'd with PHOEBUS' Heat,  
And Clouds of Dust flew ev'n in *Brentford-Street*;  
O'er *Hounslow-Heath* my early Course I steer,  
For Robbers fam'd; but I no Robbers fear:

Let

Let Gold, like Guilt, increase the *Miser's* Grief;  
 A Poet's Purse, like *Virtue*, dares a Thief.  
*Colebrook* I quickly pass, and soon my Eyes  
 Survey the Royal Tow'rs of *Windfor* rise;  
 Charm'd with the Theme of *POPE*'s harmonious Song,  
 I check my Steed, and slowly move along;  
 As ling'ring Mariners contract their Sails,  
 To feast on Odours of *Arabian* Gales.  
 But left, my Lord, your Patience should accuse  
 The dull Narration of a tedious Muse,  
 I will not sing each Trifle that occur'd,  
 How much I eat, and drank, and whipp'd and spurr'd:  
 How oft my Palfry stumbled in the Way,  
 Till \* *Hatford* ends the Travel of the Day;  
 Where kind † *MENALCAS*, Partner of my Soul,  
 Revives me with his friendly, flowing Bowl;  
 Yet forces no intemp'rate Bumpers round,  
 Except when *DELIA*'s Health the Glasses crown'd.  
 A thousand Labours past, we now run o'er,  
 What Scenes we acted, and what Toils we bore;  
 No Party Feuds, nor Politics we name;  
 The Joys of Friendship mostly were our Theme.

\* A little Village, near *Farringdon* in Bucks.

† A Farmer, once the Author's Master, and still his Friend.

Warn'd by the Clock, we now retire to Rest,  
Till rising Phœbus streak'd the purple East.  
Breakfast soon o'er, we trace the verdant Field,  
Where sharpen'd Scythes the lab'ring Mowers weild :  
Straight Emulation glows in ev'ry Vein;  
I long to try the curvous Blade again.

As when, at *Hockley-hole*, old Gamesters view  
Young Combatants their Martial Sports renew,  
A youthful Vigour fires their antient Soul,  
Nor former Wounds their Courage can controul ;  
Again they mount the Stage, again they play,  
Again they bear the noble Prize away :  
So with Ambition burns my daring Breast ;  
I snatch the Scythe, and with the Swains contest ;  
Behind 'em close, I rush the sweeping Steel ;  
The vanquish'd Mowers soon confess my Skill.

Not long at this laborious Sport I stay ;  
But, with my Friend, to \* *Charlton* take my Way :  
'Twas there, my Lord, induc'd by potent Ale,  
Swains leave their Ploughs, and Threshers quit their Flail :

\* Where the Author liv'd a *Tbrefßer*.

Your

Your \* Bounty soon provokes the Bells to ring ;  
 Clowns dance, Boys hollow, and hoarse Coblers sing.  
 Not greater was the Joy in antient *Greece*,  
 When *Æson's Son* produc'd the *Golden Fleece*,  
 Than now appear'd in ev'ry *Thresher's Breast*,  
 Soon as your *Gold* sung Prologue to the *Feast*.

W H Y should the Muse recite our Bill of Fare,  
 And with a long Description tire your Ear?  
 None can your gen'rous Treat with Want reproach ;  
 All eat enough, and many drank too much :  
 Full twenty *Threshers* quaff around the Board ;  
 All name their *Toast*, and ev'ry one, *my Lord*.  
 No Cares, no Toils, no Troubles now appear ;  
 For Troubles, Toils, and Cares are drown'd in *Beer* ;  
 Till soon the chol'ric Fumes of Liquor rise,  
 Flush in their Face, and sparkle in their Eyes :  
 They now the rustic Feats of Manhood boast,  
 Who best could reap, or mow, or thresh the most :  
 Contention doubtful! All with Anger burn,  
 While each appears a Hero in his Turn :  
 Hard Words succeed ; so far can *Beer* prevail,  
 That Blows are menac'd ev'n without a Flail ;  
 \* Money which his *Lordship* sent to treat the *Threshers*.

Till

Till thus our Landlord, rising from his Chair,  
Like prudent Nestor, stops impending War:

“ **W**HAT Madness, Friends, what Madness can engage  
“ Your Minds to burn with this unseemly Rage?  
“ For Shame, stain not with Blood our grateful Chear;  
“ Desist from *Blood*—or else desist from *Beer*.  
“ Are these the only Thanks you give my Lord?  
“ And is it thus his Favours you reward?  
“ If no Respect you pay this cheerful Feast,  
“ Yet pay the noble Founder some, at least—

He said: Abash'd the conscious Heroes stood,  
Shook Hands, and thirsted more for *Beer*—than *Blood*,  
Another Glass to TEMPLE's Health they pour;  
And praise their Liquor much, his Bounty more.

OFT as this\* Day returns, shall *Threſters* claim  
Some Hours of Rest sacred to TEMPLE's Name;  
Oft as this Day returns, shall TEMPLE cheer  
The *Threſters* Hearts with Mutton, Beef, and Beer:

\* 30th of June, on which his Lordship treats the *Threſters* every Year,

Hence, when their Childrens Children shall admire  
 This Holiday, and, whence deriv'd, inquire;  
 Some grateful Father, partial to my Fame,  
 Shall thus describe from whence, and how it came.

“ HERE, Child, a *Thresher* liv'd in antient Days ;  
 “ Quaint Songs he sung, and pleasing Roundlays ;  
 “ A gracious QUEEN his Sonnets did commend ;  
 “ And some great *Lord*, one TEMPLE, was his *Friend* :  
 “ That *Lord* was pleas'd this Holiday to make,  
 “ And feast the *Threshers*, for that *Thresher's* Sake.”

THUS shall Tradition keep my Fame alive ;  
 The *Bard* may die, the *Thresher* still survive.

NEXT, over *Pewsey*'s fertile Fields I haste,  
 Fields with the bearded Crops of CERES grac'd !  
 While pleasing Hopes my grateful Bosom clear ;  
 But soon they vanish'd——\* STANLEY was not here.

FROM hence the Muse to silver *Kennet* flies,  
 On whose green Margin *Hertford*'s Turrets rise.

\* Rev. Mr. Stanley, Rector of *Pewsey*, who first encouraged the Author.

Here often round the verdant Plain I stray,  
Where \* Thomson sung his bold, unfetter'd Lay;  
Or climb the winding, mazy † Mountain's Brow;  
And, tho' I swiftly walk, ascend but slow.  
The spiral Paths in gradual Circles lead,  
Increase my Journey, and elude my Speed:  
Yet, when at length I reach the lofty Height,  
Towns, Vallies, Rivers, Meadows meet my Sight;  
A thousand grateful Objects round me smile,  
Whose various Beauties overpay my Toil.

So may you often see the studious Youth  
Begin the long, laborious Search for TRUTH;  
How slow his Progress, but how great his Pain!  
How many mazy Problems vex his Brain.  
Before he o'er the Hills of *Science* rise,  
Where, far from vulgar Sight the Goddess lies!  
Yet, there arriv'd, he ends the happy Chace;  
Reflects, with Pleasure, on his glorious Race;  
Sees the bright Nymph so many Charms display,  
As crown the Labours of the lengthen'd Way.

\* Mr. Thomson compos'd one of his *Seasons* here.  
† Marlborough Mount.

WITHIN the Basis of the verdant Hill,  
 A beauteous Grot confesses HERTFORD's Skill ;  
 Who, with her lovely Nymphs, adorns the Place ;  
 Gives ev'ry polish'd Stone its proper Grace ;  
 Now varies rustic Moss about the Cell ;  
 Now fits the shining Pearl, or purple Shell :  
 CALYPSO thus, attended with her Train,  
 With rural Palaces adorns the Plain ;  
 Nor with more Elegance her Grots appear,  
 Nor with more Beauty shines th' *Immortal Fair.*

THE Muse her Journey, next, to *Bath* pursues ;  
*Bath*, fix'd by Nature to delight the Muse !  
 Where flow'ry Shrubs, and curling Vines unite ;  
 Hills, Vales, and waving Woods attract the Sight ;  
 A vary'd Scene ! For Nature here displays  
 A thousand lovely Charms, a thousand Ways :  
 ALLEN attends, to dress her beauteous Face,  
 With Handmaid Art improving ev'ry Grace ;  
 Now forms the verdant Walk, or sunny Glade,  
 Or pours the Waters o'er the steep Cascade ;  
 Or now contracts 'em with judicious Skill,  
 And leads 'em, gently murmur'ring, down the Hill.

A Son of *ÆSCULAPIUS* here I meet;  
Polite his Manners, and his Temper sweet:  
His sage Discourse, with soft, persuasive Art,  
Charm'd the pleas'd Ear, till it improv'd the Heart:  
Bright *Truth*, and *Virtue*, were his lovely Theme;  
Which seem'd more lovely, when describ'd by *him*.

VARIOUS Diversions here employ the *Fair*;  
To Dancing some, and some to Play repair:  
Not \* *MUSIDORA* so consumes her Days,  
The Dame who bad me sing *JEHOVAH*'s Praise:  
Uncharm'd with all the flutt'ring Pomp of Pride,  
Heav'n, and domestic Care her Time divide:  
In her own Breast she seeks a calm Repose,  
And shuns the crowded Rooms of *Belles* and *Beaux*;  
Where *COQUETILLA* oft her Eyes has roll'd,  
Oft won a worthless Heart, and lost her Gold.

FROM *Bath*, I travel thro' the sultry Vale,  
Till *Salsb'ry* Plains afford a cooling Gale:

\* *Mrs. STANLEY*, who desired the Author to write the *Slunamite*.

*Arcadian* Plains, where *PAN* delights to dwell,  
 In verdant Beauties cannot these excel :  
 These too, like them, might gain immortal Fame,  
 Resound with *CORYDON* and *THYRSIS*' Flame ;  
 If, to his Mouth, the Shepherd would apply  
 His mellow Pipe, or vocal Music try :  
 But, to his Mouth, the Shepherd ne'er applies  
 His mellow Pipe, nor vocal Music tries :  
 Propt on his Staff, he indolently stands ;  
 His Hands support his Head, his Staff his Hands ;  
 Or, idly basking in the sunny Ray,  
 Supinely lazy, loiters Life away.  
 Here, as I pass'd the Plains, (a lovely Scene,  
 Array'd in Nature's Liv'ry, gaily green !)  
 On ev'ry Side the wanton Lambkins play'd,  
 Whose artless Bleatings rural Music made ;  
 Too harsh, perhaps, to please politer Ears,  
 Yet much the sweetest Tune the Farmer hears.

Soon as the Plains are ravish'd from my Sight,  
 New diff'rent Prospects equally delight ;  
 Where \* PEMBROKE's Turrets charm my gazing Eyes,  
 And awful Statues solemnly surprize :

\* Earl of PEMBROKE's Seat at *Wilton*.

Bards, Sages, Heroes, Patriots, Princes stand,  
A mixt, majestic, venerable Band !  
Here mighty HOMER, PHOEBUS' eldest Son,  
Or sings, or seems to sing, in breathing Stone.  
See Martial Phocion silently persuade,  
And smooth-tongu'd CICERO, in *Marble*, plead:  
Here shines great POMPEY, greater JULIUS there,  
With daring BRUTUS, honestly severe:  
*Friend/bip*, and *Freedom* in his Soul contend ;  
Forgive him, CÆSAR, if he wrong'd his Friend !  
Tho' BRUTUS' Dagger pierc'd thy Bosom thro',  
'Twas *Liberty*, not *Malice*, struck the Blow.  
Unhappy BRUTUS, destin'd to withstand  
Thy Friend's Ambition with a fatal Hand !  
Unhappy CÆSAR, whose Ambition mov'd  
That fatal Hand to murder whom it lov'd !  
Had'st thou, like *Britain's* Monarch, strove to save  
Expiring Nations, not the World enslave ;  
Thy Laurels then had still unblasted stood,  
Nor BRUTUS-e'er been stain'd with CÆSAR's Blood.

Not far from hence, old *Sarsen's* Ruins stand,  
High on a bleak and barren Tract of Land ;

A Mount, which once sustain'd a City's Weight,  
And lofty Tow'rs adorn'd its aweful Height ;  
Till Want of Water forc'd the thirsty Croud  
To seek the Vale, where crystal Rivers flow'd.  
There \* POORE the first auspicious Work began ;  
First, for a Temple, drew the glorious Plan ;  
Then quickly makes the sacred Columns rise,  
And bids the lofty Spire invade the Skies.  
The prudent People too, with equal Haste,  
New Dwellings built, which far their old surpaſt :  
Cautious of Thirst, they make the docile Tide,  
In winding Currents, thro' the City glide :  
In ev'ry Street the wanton NAIADS play,  
To ev'ry Door their liquid Urns convey ;  
In which the lately thirsty Peasant spies  
At once the cooling Draught, and scaly Fries ;  
Scenes, which, before, the lofty Mount deny'd !  
Hence let Ambition learn to check its Pride :  
High Stations often bring a Weight of Cares ;  
True Happiness is found in humble Spheres :  
This useful Truth let *Sarum's* Glory show,  
Which faded when on high, but flourishes below.

\* Bishop POORE, who built the Cathedral.

I next to BATHURST's \* rural Seat ascend,  
BATHURST, my infant Muse's gen'rous Friend!  
And, as around his spacious Park I stray'd,  
Charm'd with the Prospect, which the Fields display'd,  
Musing on Verse, the willing Numbers came,  
My Song began, and CLARENDON my Theme.  
What sweeter Subject could I wish to chuse?  
What Scenes more lovely can delight a Muse?  
See, FLORA paints the Ground with vary'd Dyes,  
And fragrant Shrubs with Odours fill the Skies!  
Here curling Vines their luscious Sweets disclose,  
There fair POMONA loads the blushing Boughs:  
See, fruitful CERES crowns the Vales with Corn,  
And fleecy Flocks the verdant Hills adorn!  
Here waving Trees project a cooling Shade,  
Where BATHURST oft converses with the *Dead*;  
Reads over what the antient Sages wrote;  
Nor only reads, but acts as Sages taught;  
Improves the present Hour that Fortune gives;  
Nor trusts To-morrow, but To-day he lives..

\* CLARENDON Park.

As thus my careless Lay, unlabour'd, flows,  
 Before my Eyes a \* Pile of Ruins rose;  
 Whose rugged Walls, like native Rock-work, shone;  
 For Time had turn'd the Cement into Stone.  
 Our Second HENRY here, if Fame be true,  
 Measur'd the Prince's Right, and People's Due:  
 Made Laws to bound the Priests and Barons Claim——  
 Nor ev'n those Laws did haughty BECKET blame;  
 BECKET! true Tyrant of the *Roman* State,  
 Curs'd with Religion just enough to hate;  
 Whose stern, ambitious Zeal his King defy'd,  
 And damn'd all those, who dar'd oppose his Pride.

O Thou Supreme! whose Mercy ever shone  
 The best, the brightest Jewel in thy Crown!  
 Never let me such cruel Faith approve,  
 Which bids me hate, when Heav'n commands to love!  
 Let Christian Charity incline my Mind  
 To wish the Happiness of all Mankind!  
 In social Friendship always let me live,  
 Slow to be angry, easy to forgive!

\* King-Nanor, where the Constitutions of CLARENCE were  
 made. See CAMDEN of Wiltshire.

PAULTON affords me next a kind Retreat,  
Where crowding Joys my grateful Heart dilate ;  
To see the Friend, who first my Lays approv'd,  
Who loves the Muse, and by her is belov'd ;  
Who taught her tender Pinions how to fly,  
Told when she crept too low, or soar'd too high.  
O STANLEY ! if, forgetful of thy Love,  
I e'er to Gratitude rebellious prove ;  
Still may I want a Friend, but never find ;  
May FORTUNE, PHOEBUS, STANLEY, prove unkind.

HERE often thro' the gloomy Woods I rove,  
Pleas'd with the silent Horror of the Grove. :  
And now the Lawn, and winding Walks delight ;  
And now the *Memphian* Turret charms my Sight :  
Here conic Firs in graceful Order stand ;  
Tall Cedars there, the Growth of *Syrian* Land.  
Lead me, ye sacred *DRYADS* ! lead me thro'  
Your sylvan Scenes, where future Navies grow ;  
Where lofty Oaks their branching Arms extend,  
And tow'ring Pines to kiss the Clouds ascend ;]  
Where op'ning Glades admit the sunny Ray,  
Or venerable Groves exclude the Day.

There

There let me Knaves, and Fools, and Fops despise,  
And think of Actions worthy of the Wise.

My Friend and me, *Southampton* next receives ;  
*Southampton*, wash'd with *Thetis'* silver Waves.  
Upon whose sandy Margin \* *Bewis* rears  
His Head, on which a stately Dome appears ;  
Where *British Scipio*, crown'd with Martial Bays,  
In Solitude enjoys his antient Days :  
Yet, still inclin'd to conquer, wages here,  
With stubborn Woods and Wilds, innoxious War ;  
Subdues the native Rudeness of the Soil,  
And makes the barren Sand with Verdure smile ;  
Bends the young Plant obedient to his Will,  
Or thro' the Valley leads the crystal Rill ;  
Sublimes the Mount, or bids the Mole subside,  
To stretch the Prospect o'er the lucid Tide :  
The Foils of Art illustrate his Design ;  
And make the *Di'mond NATURE* brighter shine.

\* Mount *Bewis*, Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Peterborough*, who was then living.

CHARM'D with the Beauties of the silver Sea,  
We board a Ship, and skim the watry Way:  
Blown with propitious Gales, we quickly view  
BRITANNIA's Strength, her Guard, and Glory too;  
Where \* G E O R G E's dreadful Eagles waiting stood,  
To bear his fatal Thunder o'er the Flood.

The wondrous Scene delights my gazing Eyes,  
At once imparting Pleasure and Surprize:  
Intrepid Sailors, swarming in the Sky,  
Intent on Busines, diff'rent Labours try:  
Some stride the Yard, or tow'ring Masts ascend;  
Some on the Ropes, in airy Crouds, depend;  
Thick as the Insects, round the Poplar, play,  
When PHOEBUS gilds 'em with a Western Ray.

BUT unexpected Dangers oft deceive  
The daring Man, who tempts the foamy Wave:  
While on the Fleet we all delighted gaze,  
The sudden Winds arise, and sweep the Seas;  
With rapid Force they fly, and from the Ship,  
Disjoin the Boat, and drive it o'er the Deep:

• SPITHEAD.

Out

Our cautious Pilot quickly shifts the Sails,  
 Reverts his Course against the furious Gales.  
 O CHLOE! then what ruthless Pains distrest,  
 Thy dizzy Head, and rack'd thy tender Breast!  
 How often did the Bard thy Fate bemoan?  
 How often did he wish thy Pains his own!  
 How did the TRITONS, mov'd with Pity, gaze  
 On thy fair Face, distorted twenty Ways!  
 Yet, tho' distorted, still thy Features show  
 Bright in Distress, and innocent in Woe.  
 So VENUS oft her silver Light displays,  
 Thro' Ev'ning Mists, that rise to cloud her Rays.

BUT NEPTUNE now, who pity'd CHLOE's Pain,  
 Returns the Boat; we steer our Course again.  
 At Six, we safely land at *Portsmouth* Key,  
 And soon forget the Dangers of the Sea.  
 Straight to some hospitable Inn we haste,  
 Revive our Spirits with a sweet Repast:  
 The smiling Glass, with rosy Liquor crown'd,  
 Sacred to friendly Healths, goes chearful round;  
 While Time, in mirthful Converse, sweetly flows,  
 Till gentle Sleep invites us to Repose.

THE Morning come, we to the Wharfs repair,  
Survey the mighty Magazines of War :  
Tremendous Rows of Cannon meet our Eyes ;  
And Iron Deaths, in massy Mountains rise :  
Store-house of Mars ! where, rang'd in Order, lay  
Ten thousand Thunders for some fatal Day.

DEPARTING hence, the Dock we travel round,  
Where lab'ring Shipwrights rattling Axis found :  
Some bend the stubborn Planks, while others rear  
The lofty Mast, or crooked Timber square ;  
Some ply their Engines, some direct the Toil,  
And carefully inspect the mighty Pile ;  
See ev'ry Chink securely stopt, before  
The winged Castle ventures from the Shore.

So, when the youthful Crane intends to fly  
Her first long Journey thro' the spacious Sky ;  
Before she rears herself sublime in Air,  
She ranges ev'ry Plume with prudent Care ;  
Tries if her Pinions can her Flight sustain ;  
Then springs away, and soars above the Main.

But see! the smoking, fiery Forge appears;  
*Vulcanian* Sounds surprize our list'ning Ears:  
 See! busy Smiths around their Anvils sweat;  
 Their brawny Arms the glowing Anchor beat;  
 Alternately the chiming Hammers fall,  
 And loud Notes echo thro' the footy Hall.  
 Such, haply, on the sounding Anvil rung,  
 When first the Harp melodious **TUBAL** strung:  
 As **TUBAL-CAIN** the ductile Metal wrought,  
 And **VULCAN**'s heav'nly Art to Mortals taught;  
 The Brother, pleas'd to hear his Hammers chime,  
 Soon harmoniz'd their Notes to proper Time:  
 Man's Bosom then sonorous Organ warm'd;  
 The softer Lyre his gloomy Sorrows charm'd;  
 While Tyrants Hearts unusual Pity found,  
 And savage Tempers soften'd with the Sound.

'T w A s now the Time, when **PHOEBUS'** piercing Ray-  
 Shot down direct, and measur'd half the Day:  
 A brave \* Commander luckily we meet,  
 Who courteously invites us to the Fleet.

• Captain REDDISH, Commander of the *Amelia*.

A Table elegantly spread we found,  
And loyal Healths the Captain pushes round ;  
AUGUSTUS first, and all the Royal Line,  
Give sweeter Flavour to the sparkling Wine ;  
WAGER, and NORRIS, next, who boldly reign,  
In floating Castles, Monarchs of the Main.

BUT now again our winged Sails we spread,  
Again we visit *Paulton's sylvan Shade* ;  
Where, parting from my Friend, I mount my Steed,  
And, o'er the Wilds of *Wellow*, urge his Speed :  
Wilds, which were lately sterile, as the Coast,  
Where patient CATO march'd his fainting Host !  
Nor could the Swain explore a cooling Shade,  
When servid PHOEBUS burnt his glowing Head ;  
Till CHANDOIS bad the dreary Desart smile  
With verdant Groves, and beautify'd the Soil :  
He said ; ten thousand Trees adorn'd the Plain,  
Ten thousand Shades, delightful to the Swain.

HENCE, o'er the Plains, and fruitful Fields I pass,  
Full forty Miles, till *Witney* ends my Race.

I visit here an elegant \* Divine,  
 In whom the Scholar, Friend, and Critic join ;  
 Who freely judges of an Author's Thoughts,  
 Improves his Beauties, and corrects his Faults ;  
 Severely kind, and candidly severe ;  
 Polite, as Courtiers ; and, as Truth, sincere ;  
 Who, in MINERVA's Temple, taught our Youth  
 The Path to Wisdom, Virtue, Honour, Truth ;  
 Till having, with a gen'rous Mind, bestow'd  
 The Flow'r of all his Years in doing Good ;  
 Fatigu'd with Labours, and with Age decay'd,  
 Retires, with Honour, to the rural Shade.

So, when the Prince of Rivers, fruitful *Nile*,  
 Has flow'd, and fatten'd all the *Mempbian* Soil,  
 Spent all the Riches, that his Waves contain,  
 Back to his Banks, he draws his humid Train.

I pay my Off'rings next at PHOEBUS' Shrine,  
*Oxford*, the Seat of all the tuneful Nine.  
 Forgive me, God of Verse, who daring greet  
 Thy sacred Temples with unhallow'd Feet !

\* Rev. Dr. FRIEND.

As pious *Musselmen* to *Mecca* roam,  
Zealous to worship at their Prophet's Tomb ;  
So comes the Poet to thy rev'rend Fanes,  
Invoking thee to aid his humble Strains.

O ! might a Spark of thy celestial Flame  
But raise my Numbers equal to my Theme,  
**ALFRED** immortal in my Page should shine ;  
**ALFRED**, the *Monarch, Hero, and Divine.*

Who, having bravely all his Foes o'erthrown,  
Advanc'd thy Kingdom, and confirm'd his own ;  
Water'd his Realm with the *Pierian* Spring,  
Recall'd the banish'd Arts, and bad the Muses sing.

Then should my Numbers sound with *\*WICKHAM's Praise* ;

Nor less should *† Foxe's* Fame adorn my Lays,

Whose pious Care the decent Fabric rear'd,

Which kindly shelter'd the unworthy Bard ;

Nor the unworthy Bard should leave unpaid

The grateful Debt, contracted while he stay'd :

Thy Favours, chiefly, *WINDER*, should be known,

In lasting Numbers, tuneful as thy own.

Thee, *BODLEY*, would I sing ; who can refuse

A Verse to *BODLEY*, Patron of the Muse ?

\* Founder of *New College.*

† Founder of *Corpus-Christi College*, where the Author was  
kindly entertain'd.

Whose letter'd Bounty to the World declares  
 The treasur'd Wisdom of three thousand Years.  
 Nor should the Muse forget the \* Prelate's Fame,  
 Who grac'd the River with a stately Frame,  
 Known by the flow'ry Meads, which round it lie,  
 And beauteous Walks, that charm the Student's Eye;

- Where courtly ADDISON attun'd his Lays,  
 And rais'd his own, by singing DRYDEN's Praise.  
 Hail, happy Bard ! whose Genius still could shine  
 In ev'ry Art ; for ev'ry Art was thine:  
 Whether thou didst the Critic's Pen engage,  
 The Critic's Pen improv'd the Poet's Rage ;  
 Whether thou didst the Hero's Deeds rehearse,  
 The Hero's Deeds shone brighter in thy Verse :  
 Or did thy tragic Muse sublimely tell,  
 How stubborn CATO for his Country fell ;  
 Parties no more retain'd their factious Hate ;  
 All pity'd CÆSAR's, honour'd CATO's Fate :  
 Nor less thy soft diurnal Essays please,  
 That Glaſs, where ev'ry Fool his Folly sees ;

\* WAINFLET, Bishop of *Winchester*, Founder of *Magdalen* College, where Mr. ADDISON writ a Panegyric on Mr. DRYDEN, the first *English* Verses he ever made public.

Where Virtue shines with such attractive Grace,  
She tempts the Vicious to her chaste Embrace.  
O ! may thy Labours be a Star to guide  
My Thoughts and Actions o'er Life's devious Tide !  
If Pride, or Passion check my doubtful Sail,  
Let thy Instructions lend a friendly Gale,  
To waft me to the peaceful, happy Shore,  
Where thou, immortal Bard ! art gone before :  
Then those who grant me not a Poet's Name,  
Shall own I left behind a better Fame.



*PENELOPE to ULYSSES.*

*Paraphras'd from OVID.*

**T**H E S E Lines I send, impatient of your Stay,  
To you, my Lord, who kill me with Delay ;  
Yet crave not any Answer back, beside  
Yourself, the best of Answers to your Bride.  
Sure Troy, so hateful to the Grecian Dames,  
Is ruin'd now, with dire, consuming Flames ;

Tho'

Tho' scarcely *Troy*, nor all his King could boast,  
 Was worth the Trouble which her Ruin cost.  
 O! had lewd *PARIS* sunk beneath the Tide,  
 When, o'er the Seas, he sought the *Spartan* Bride ;  
 I had not then accus'd the ling'ring Day,  
 Nor weav'd, to charm the tedious Night away ;  
 Nor in the Bed, deserted and forlorn,  
 Lain weeping, cold and comfortless, till Morn.

WHENE'ER of Dangers in your Camp I heard,  
 Those Dangers threaten'd *you*, I always fear'd :  
 For Love, like mine, no cold Indiff'rence bears ;  
 It feeds on tim'rous Thoughts, and anxious Cares.  
 I fancy'd, furious *Trojans* round thee came ;  
 And trembling, ever dreaded *HECTOR*'s Name :  
 If any said, *ANTILOCHUS* was slain,  
*ANTILOCHUS* was he who caus'd my Pain :  
 Or, if in borrow'd Arms *PATROCLUS* bled,  
 I wept, because his Craft no better sped :  
 When *Rhodian* Blood had bath'd the *Lycian* Spear,  
 The *Rhodian* \* Youth again renew'd my Care :  
 In fine, whatever *Gracian* Chief was kill'd,  
 My fearful Heart, like frigid Ice, as chill'd ;

Left flatt'ring Fame my doubtful Ears should cheat,  
And, for my Lord's, proclaim another's Fate :  
But Heav'n, propitious to my chaste Desire,  
Preserv'd you safe, and *Troy* consum'd with Fire.

But now the other *Grecian* Chiefs return,  
And on their smoking Altars Off'rings burn ;  
Their useless Arms they consecrate to Peace,  
And *Trojan* Spoils the *Grecian* Temples grace :  
Each youthful Bride some pleasing Gift affords,  
To welcome home their safe-returned Lords ;  
Their safe-returned Lords, in Songs of Joy,  
Resound the vanquish'd Fates of ruin'd *Troy* :  
The wond'ring Sages croud around to hear ;  
The trembling Girls admire the Tales of War :  
The Wives stand list'ning, while their Husbands tell,  
How *Greece* had conquer'd, and how *Ilion* fell :  
One stains a Table with the purple Draught,  
And shews the furious Battles, which you fought ;  
Paints with the Wine, which from the Glass he pours,  
Camps, Rivers, Hills, and all the *Trojan* Tow'rs :  
And, This, says he, is the *Sigean* Plain ;  
And here the silver *Simois* rolls his Train ;

There

There stood old PRIAM's stately Palace ; here  
 ACHILLES pitch'd his Tent, ULYSSES there :  
 Here mangled HECTOR, dreadful in his Fall,  
 Affrights the Steeds, that drag him round the Wall.  
 Your Son, who sent by me to NESTOR's Court,  
 To seek his Father, brought me this Report  
 From NESTOR's Mouth, and how the *Thracian* Lord,  
 In Sleep, became a Victim to your Sword ;  
 How DOLON fell into your crafty Snare——  
 But, O ! ULYSSES, you too boldly dare ;  
 Too fearless, thro' the Camp of Foes you rove,  
 Mindful of Wiles, forgetful of your Love ;  
 Slaying so many in a gloomy Night,  
 One Friend alone, to aid you in the Fight.  
 It was not thus you rashly us'd to go  
 Among the Midnight Terrors of the Foe ;  
 Fondly of me you formerly have thought,  
 With Prudence acted, and with Caution fought.  
 Heav'n knows, with Fear my trembling Bosom beat,  
 To hear my Son your daring Deeds relate ;  
 Till told how you victoriously return'd,  
 Safe, to your Camp, with *Thracian* Spoils adorn'd.

But what avails it me, your Arms have thrown  
Troy's stately Walls, and lofty Turrets down?  
As when they stood; if I am robb'd of thee,  
Troy's fall'n to others, standing still to me;  
To others, who, with captive Oxen, toil  
To turn the Glebe, and till the Trojan Soil;  
And while, with crooked Ploughs, they discompose  
Th'ill-bury'd Ashes of their slaughter'd Foes;  
While *Pbrygian* Fields, grown fat with native Blood,  
Bear fruitful Crops, where stately *Ilios* stood;  
While verdant Harvests hide their ruin'd Wall,  
I mourn my absent Lord, who wrought its Fall;  
Nor can I know the Land, where you reside,  
Nor who, nor what detains you from your Bride.

WHATEVER Sailors on our Coast appear,  
(Hopeful to find some Tidings of my Dear)  
I fly to them, and ask 'em o'er and o'er,  
If e'er they saw you on some foreign Shore.  
Then to their Hands a Letter I impart,  
To give it you, the Partner of my Heart;  
If Chance, or Destiny should ever prove  
So kind to lead them to my absent Love.

W<sup>e</sup> sought for you at ancient NESTOR's Court,  
But sought in vain, we heard no true Report:  
We sent to ask the *Spartans* too; but they  
Knew not the Climate, where you, ling'ring, stay.  
O! had APOLLO sav'd his sacred Town——  
Ye Gods! why did I ever wish it down?  
If *that* were standing, and ULYSSES there,  
I nothing, but the Chance of War, should fear:  
I should not then be singly curs'd to cry;  
Others would fear the War, no less than I.  
But now a thousand Whimsies feed my Care,  
Nor know I what to hope, or what to fear;  
Yet fearing all, that Fancy can suggest,  
Unnumber'd Troubles rack my anxious Breast:  
Upon the Land whatever Dangers reign,  
I fear those Dangers make you there remain;  
Upon the Seas whatever Storms increase,  
I fear those Storms detain you on the Seas.  
While thus my foolish Thoughts uncertain rove,  
Perhaps you revel with a foreign Love;  
Perhaps you ridicule your Bride at home,  
Tell how she spins, or drudges in the Looms.

## On several Occasions. 171

Suspicious Thoughts! that vex my jealous Mind,  
Be gone, and vanish into empty Wind!  
If cruel Fate did not obstruct the Way,  
My Lord would never make so long Delay:  
Your long Delay my Father often blames,  
And often chides me for my constant Flames:  
My constant Flames shall ever true remain;  
Let Fathers chide, and Suiters court in vain.  
At length my Sire, who finds he can't remove  
My Faith from you, or shake my settled Love,  
Remits his Anger, soften'd with my Pray'rs;  
Yet still a Croud of Suiters tease my Ears;  
From various Realms they come to seek your Crown,  
And feast, and reign securely in your Throne:  
'Twould tire me ev'n to count their Number o'er,  
MEDON, PISANDER, and a hundred more!  
All bent on Love, and Robbers of the State,  
And All, by your pernicious Absence, great!  
To crown your Shame, the Beggar IANUS preys  
Upon your Sheep, and all the fattest slays:  
And ev'n your Shepherd, faithless to his Lord,  
Slaughters your Lambs, to grace the Suiters Board:  
Nor have we Strength, their Rapine to oppose;  
For how can Three resist so many Foes?

Your feeble Wife, your Father worn with Age,  
 Your tender Son, too weak to check their Rage;  
 For whom they lately crafty Ambush laid,  
 And menac'd Death on his devoted Head;  
 When, mocking all their Stratagems, he crost  
 The Seas, to seek you on the *Pylian* Coast.  
 O! may the Gods extend his vital Date,  
 And guard his Life, till our's submit to Fate:  
 So may he close our Eyes with decent Care;  
 Such is your Servant's, such his Nurse's Pray'r.

SINCE then your aged Father, feeble grown,  
 Amidst your Foes, cannot defend your Crown;  
 Your Wife, too weak to chase the Foes away,  
 Your Son, too young to bear the Regal Sway;  
 Haste, haste, ULYSSES, to your Royal Seat;  
 For you alone can cure our troubled State:  
 Think of your Son, who wants you to inspire  
 His Soul with all the Virtues of his Sire:  
 Think, on the Brink of Fate your Father lies:  
 Return, my Lord, return, and close his Eyes:  
 Think of your faithful Wife, whose youthful Face,  
 At your Departure, blush'd with blooming Grace:

But

But now I blush with bloomy Grace no more ;  
Tears, for your Absence, cloud my Beauty o'er.  
O ! may you soon return, before I prove  
An antient Dame, unworthy of your Love.



***An E P I G R A M.***

*Words are but Wind.*

*Tale of a Tub.*

**I**F Words are Wind, as some allow ;  
No Promises can bind ;  
Since breaking of the strictest Vow,  
Is only breaking Wind.

*A Poem on Her MAJESTY's  
Birth-Day.*

O You, the MONARCH's Bliss, the Muse's Friend!  
Accept the Tribute Duty bids me send:  
'Tis what the Bard should long before have paid;  
But fearful to aspire, has long delay'd.  
PHOEBUS alone can PHOEBUS' Chariot Guide;  
The Youth who dar'd to drive it, daring, dy'd.  
My humble Muse can humble Subjects treat;  
But trembles to attempt a Theme so great:  
Yet, warm with Gratitude, would fain display  
Her Zeal to You, on this auspicious Day.

To You! whose gracious Goodness plumes her Wings,  
By whom she lives, by whom inspir'd, she sings:  
Long may she celebrate your sacred BIRTH;  
Long may you stay from Heav'n, to bless the Earth;  
To cheer the Royal Sov'reign of our ISLE;  
Increase his Joys, or soften all his Toil;

Who

Who now, while Death in purple Triumph reigns,  
And sanguine Floods pollute the distant Plains;  
Watchful o'er Britain's Fate, employs his Care,  
Or wisely to avert, or bravely meet the War.

O glorious QUEEN! by Nature form'd to bring  
The sweetest Comfort to the justest KING!  
Let proud Oppressors, who abuse their Pow'r,  
Hear groaning Subjects curse their natal Hour:  
You, on that happy Hour may justly feast  
Your Soul with Thoughts of making Thousands blest;  
Whose godlike Bounties, to the Wretched, show,  
You're only pow'rful to relieve their Woe.

WHAT tho' the Muse old Annals should explore,  
Mark all our Queens, and trace their Virtues o'er?  
Where could you find so much exalted Sense,  
Nobly employ'd, like your's, in Truth's Defence?  
You strive to make the Seeds of Virtue grow,  
To spread the Light, which Heav'n reveal'd below:  
Yet, free from superstitious Zeal, incline  
To make the Rays of Moral Goodness shine;  
Supporting those, who, firm to Truth, defend  
That first-fix'd Law, on which all Laws depend.

BENEATH your Influence, Art and Science rear  
Their sacred Heads, and flourish by your Care:  
This Truth let *Oxford's* pompous Dome proclaim,  
Which boasts the Honour of a \* Royal Name.  
Lately your Bard survey'd the graceful Scene,  
Rising with Bounties of a gen'rous QUEEN!  
O! had the Muse there fledg'd her infant Wing,  
And early tasted of that learned Spring;  
She then had soar'd in more heroic Lays,  
In more majestic Numbers sung your Praise;  
But fearful now, must quit the glorious Theme,  
Must leave the Architect to speak your Fame:  
His Art shall there another *Athens* shew,  
And there another Guardian PALLAS You.

\* Queen's College.

**FELIX and CONSTANCE.**

**A POEM, taken from BOCCACE.**

*To the Right Honourable the Countess of Pomfret*

**B**LLOWN on the rolling Surface of the Deep,  
The mourning Maid at length reclines to Sleep;  
While conscious Visions labour in her Breast,  
And airy Spectres discompose her Rest.  
Sometimes she seems upon her native Shore,  
Bless'd with the beauteous Youth, as heretofore;  
Hears him converse, while from his tuneful Tongue  
Melodious Sense, in melting Music, rung;  
Sometimes she finds, or seems at least to find,  
His shatter'd Vessel forc'd before the Wind,  
With foaming Waves, and furious Tempests toss'd;  
The Mast, and broken Sails, and Sailors lost;  
Sometimes her Dream, in frightful Forms, display'd;  
A Croud of Martyrs, cruel Love had made;

15.

Lamenting;

Lamenting THYSBE's Shade before her stands,  
 Shews her capacious Wound, and purple Hands;  
 Now lyric SAPPHO in the Tide expires,  
 Now faithful PORCIA eats the living Fires.  
 At length, awaking from her Dream, she hears  
 A *Latian* Voice, which thus salutes her Ears:

UNHAPPY *Christian* Maid! (for such, at least,  
 You, by your decent Habit, seem express)  
 Say whence you came, and hither how convey'd,  
 Expos'd to Sea, without the Seaman's Aid?

Soon as the Nymph her native Language hears,  
 Her frighted Soul was fill'd with Doubts and Fears:  
 She thought, the aduertle Wind, or refluent Main,  
 Had forc'd her back to *Liparis* again;  
 Till, starting up, a spacious Land she spies;  
 Barbarian Caves and Cots her Sight surprize:  
 She sees a Matron on the neighb'ring Strand;  
 Nor knows the Matron, nor the neighb'ring Land.  
 O! whither, whither am I blown? she cries;  
 What Dens and Caves appear before my Eyes?  
 And who inhabit 'em? or Beasts of Prey,  
 Or Men, less kind, and crueler than they?

To whom the Matron: Fly, nor dare to trust  
The faithless People of this hated Coast:  
Here Sailors oft their hapless Fate deplore;  
Who scape the Seas, are wreck'd upon the Shore:  
For, when the forceful Wind, and foaming Deep,  
To this inhuman Coast impel the Ship;  
Around the Beach the rude Barbarians stray,  
Destroy the Mariners, and seize their Prey;  
By others Death, they keep themselves alive,  
Subsist by Rapine, and by Ruin thrive.

UNHAPPY Fate! the mourning Nymph reply'd;  
O! had I perish'd in the safer Tide!  
For much I fear, the Land I now survey,  
Dooms me to greater Evils, than the Sea:  
And yet what greater Ills can Fate provide,  
Than thus to seek for Death, and be deny'd?  
Not so my FELIX 'scap'd the raging Waves;  
Him NEPTUNE funk, and me unkindly faves;  
Saves, only to increase my former Woes;  
To fall, perhaps, by more ungen'rous Foes,  
Or to indulge some lustful Tyrant's Will:  
But, O ye Heav'ns! avert the fatal Ill;

Protect my Honour in this foreign Coast,  
The only Blessing which I have not lost !

'Tis a list'ning Matron wonders with Surprize ;  
Nor hears, unmov'd, the weeping Damsel's Cries :  
But leads her to her neighb'ring Cottage, where  
She chears her fainting Soul with homely Fare ;  
Consoles her Grief, and begs her to disclose  
Her Country, Cares, and Cause of all her Woes.  
Excited by her Words, the pensive Maid  
Preludes with Sighs, and thus, reluctant, said :

Q hospitable Dame ! why would you move  
A Wretch to tell a Tale of hapless Love ?  
Which, in relating, must renew my Grief ;  
Nor can I hope, nor you bestow Relief.  
Yet, since you seem a Partner of my Care,  
'Tis just a Partner know the Weight I bear.

No t far from *Aetna*'s flaming Mount I came,  
From *Liparis*, and *CONSTANCE* is my Name :  
Great Honours and Estates my Sire posseſſ'd,  
And, O ! too much to make his Daughter bleſſ'd.

I once with Fame and Fortune was supply'd,  
Nor envy'd Empresses their Pomp and Pride;  
Now, like a Meteor, fallen from its Height,  
My Glory's vanish'd, and extinct my Light——  
Full twenty Years in Happiness I pass'd,  
And ev'ry Year was happier than the last.

Young *FELIX* then his Love began to show;  
(Young *FELIX* was the Cause of all my Woe)  
A beauteous Youth, endow'd with manly Grace;  
But far his noble Soul excell'd his Face:  
And, tho' his niggard Fate had Wealth deny'd,  
The Want of Wealth by Virtue was supply'd.  
Two Years to win my doubtful Heart he strove,  
Two Years my doubtful Heart declin'd his Love;  
Yet still he press'd me with his am'rous Tale,  
Nor found at leng: h, 'twas fruitless to assail:  
For, by Degrees, insensibly I came  
To first approve, and then indulge, his Flame;  
Nor could his Suit, nor would his Vows reprove;  
I heard with Joy, nor thought it Sin to love;  
Till in my Breast imperious *CUPID* reign'd;  
Alas! how easy *Love* a Conquest gain'd!  
And now my Reason check'd my Will no more;  
But fed the Flame, it strove to quench before:

Yet

Yet durst not an immodest Thought approve ;  
*Love* rul'd my *Heart*, but *Honour* rul'd my *Love* :  
 I scorn'd to stain my Virtue with a King ;  
 As much my Lover scorn'd so mean a Thing.  
 What could we do ? What cannot *Love* inspire ?  
 The Youth reveals his Passion to my Sire ;  
 And in such melting Accents made it known,  
 As might have mov'd all Fathers, but my own :  
 But proudly he my Lover's Suit repell'd ;  
 And, frowning, thus our mutual Ruin seal'd :

No more, presumptuous Youth ! thy Passion name,  
 Suppress the Sparks, before they rise to Flame.  
 How dar'st thou, vulgar Wretch, ignobly born,  
 My Daughter's Scandal, and her Father's Scorn !  
 Aspire to wed so far above thy Fate ?  
 He sternly said, and forc'd him from his Gate.

O *Avarice* ! what Evils dost thou cause,  
 Breaking the Bands of Love, and Nature's Laws ?  
 Go, hungry God ! and rule the Narrow-souled ;  
 Collect, and guard their curst, bewitching Gold ;  
 Fit Province for thy Reign ! too mean to prove  
 The Charms of Nuptial Life, and Joys of Love !

Ah ! what avails to gain a pompous Name,  
With boasted Titles of paternal Fame, -  
Deriv'd from Ancestors of noble Blood ?  
Things common to the Vicious and the Proud !  
Resfulgent Equipage, and gaudy Shows,  
Fictitious Ornaments of real Woes !  
If Love be absent, Pomp and worldly Gain  
But gild our Care's, and varnish o'er our Pain.  
O ! had my cruel Father thought like me,  
I ne'er had prov'd the Daughters of the Sea,  
Nor ever wander'd here a banish'd Maid ;  
And, O dear FELIX ! thou hadst not been dead !

So speaks the trembling Nymph ; and while she speaks,  
The pearly Torrents stream adown her Cheeks ;  
Cold clammy Sweats, and throbbing Sighs arise,  
Slow moves the Blood, and dizzy roll her Eyes ;  
So much affected with her Lover's Fate,  
She struggled, groan'd, and fainted from her Seat.  
Her Hostess straight a grateful Cordial sought,  
And to her Lips applies the cheerful Draught,  
Washing her Temples with reviving Oil ;  
The vital Spirits answer to her Toil ;

The purple Tide begins to roll again,  
 Again diffuses Life thro' ev'ry Vein:  
 And now she sighing, rais'd her drooping Head;  
 And, Is my Death, she cries, again delay'd?  
 Why did you check me on the Brink of Fate?  
 Better the Soul had fled her loathsome Seat.  
 Death is the only Good I wish to know,  
 End of my Pain, and Period of my Woe.

To whom replies the Dame: Unhappy Fair! Rely on Heav'n, nor let your Soul despair:  
 Teach me to give your troubled Heart Relief;  
 Or teach me how, at least, to share your Grief:  
 Your mournful Story much affects my Mind,  
 Yet something seems remaining still behind.

O! much, CONSTANTIA says, remains to come,  
 The fatal Part that finishes my Doom:  
 For, when my FELIX, (FELIX now no more!)  
 Was banish'd from my haughty Father's Door,  
 Not able to obtain me for his Bride,  
 Nor willing to resign me, tho' deny'd;  
 Hope, from Despair, his daring Soul conceives;  
 A Bark he builds, to plough the briny Waves:

Then

Then call'd a few Domestics to his Aid,  
Embrac'd me in his Arms, and fighing, said :

O Thou, for ever dear, for ever blest,  
At once the Joy, and Trouble of my Breast !  
Since Poverty expels me from thy Arms,  
Since Wealth alone is worthy of thy Charms ;  
I swear by all the mighty Pow'rs above,  
(Sad Fate, that drives me from the Nymph I love !  
To try my Fortune on remoter Shores,  
And seek the Gold, thy Sire so much adores.  
Perhaps the Planets, unpropitious here,  
In other Climes may kinder Aspects wear ;  
May lead me where the rocky Di'monds lie,  
Or where the golden Mines may Weakh supply ;  
If not, the last sad Pleasure is to die.

{

Such was the fatal Vow he rashly made ;  
A fatal Vow, and fatally obey'd !  
Struck dumb, my Tears the Want of Words supply'd ;  
His, mixt with mine, increas'd the pearly Tide :  
Yet, lest I should his Resolution shake,  
He rush'd away, and mounted on the Deck :

His

His hasty Crew expand the swelling Sails,  
 Strong rolls the Sea before impulsive Gales ;  
 The crooked Keel the frothy Flood divides,  
 Swift flies the Ship, and rushes thro' the Tides.

My Lover long my gazing Eyes pursue ;  
 As long my Lover kept me in his View :  
 Reluctant so, departing Souls prepare,  
 To wing their doubtful Flight, they know not where ;  
 Reluctant so, expiring Bodies lie,  
 Nor willing these to stay, nor those to fly.

Twice twenty Days I spent in fruitless Tears,  
 Before the fatal Tidings reach'd my Ears ;  
 How **FELIX**, sailing o'er the watry Way,  
 Was wreck'd on Rocks, and perish'd in the Sea.  
 O ! then what Trouble, Grief, and anxious Care,  
 Confus'd my Soul, and bent it to Despair !  
 I curs'd the Cause, that forc'd him to expire ;  
 O Heav'n ! forgive me, if I curs'd my Sire :  
 I fled his House, and sought the lonely Grove,  
 (The gloomy Witness of my former *Love*.)  
 Where, once resolv'd to seek the Shades below,  
 I drew the Knife, to strike the mortal Blow ;

Till

Till Piety the cruel Thought suppress,  
And check'd the *Roman* Courage of my Breast :  
I trembling saw two doubtful Paths ; nor knew,  
Which Path was best to shun, or which pursue ;  
Opposing Passions in my Bosom strove,  
And *Conscience* now prevail'd, and now my *Love*.

As when the Wind and Tide a Contest make,  
The Sailor, trembling, sees his Vessel shake ;  
This Way, and that, and both, by Turns reclin'd,  
As swells the Surge, or blows the furious Wind :  
So was my Soul with diff'rent Notions sway'd,  
Of this, of that, of both, and all afraid.  
Ah ! why should Mortals of their *Reason* boast,  
Which most deserts 'em, when they want it most ?  
For, when the troubled Mind's confus'd with Pain,  
'Tis but an *Ignis Fatuus* of the Brain ;  
Which, if out wand'ring Souls from *Virtue* stray,  
But leads us more and more from *Virtue*'s Way :  
So led it me to stem the devious Tide,  
And seek for Death, where wretched *Felix* dy'd.

Nor distant far, a fishing Vessel stood,  
Nor wholly on the Land, nor in the Flood :

Arriv'd

Arriv'd to this, I row'd it from the Shore ;  
 And, bent on Death, the Tide I now explore ;  
 Expecting, soon, the friendly-furious Wave  
 Would give my Troubles and myself a Grave.  
 But, when I saw the Billows round me flow,  
 The boundless Skies above, and Seas below ;  
 Scar'd with the Terrors of the watry Space,  
 I wrapt my Mantle round my tim'rous Face :  
 Then lay me down, to all the Dangers blind ;  
*Chance* was my *Compass*, and my *Pilot, Wind.*  
 Blown here and there, I floated on the Deep,  
 Which rock'd my Eyes, but not my Fears asleep :  
 For now my dreaming Soul, in Fancy's Maze,  
 A thousand tragic airy Ghosts surveys ;  
 Which flutter'd round me, and reproaching, said ;  
 Die, Coward ! follow *FELIX* to the Shade :  
 Why wouldst thou wish to live, now he is dead ?  
 But when, at length, your friendly *Voice* I heard,  
 My Vision ceas'd, the Spectres disappear'd.  
 Thus have I told, but can't dispel my Care ;  
 For who can conquer *Love*, or cure *Despair* ?

Thus she ; and thus *CAPRESA* spake again :  
 (So was she call'd, who wak'd her on the Main)

Unhappy

Unhappy Nymph ! compose your troubled Mind,  
Nor doubt the gracious Guide of human Kind :  
That God, who sav'd you from the foamy Wave,  
Will doubtless guard the Life, he deign'd to save.  
Vouchsafe to take the Counsel I can lend :  
At *Susa* Heav'n has bless'd me with a Friend,  
Much fam'd for Wealth, for pious Actions more ;  
No Husband, and no Children, but the Poor :  
Let me conduct you to her friendly Gate ;  
(Too small my Cottage for a Guest so great :)  
She will protect you from Barbarian Foes,  
With prudent Counsel mitigate your Woes,  
And charm your ruffled Soul to soft Repose.



Blest Partner of my Grief ! the Damsel said,  
Some Angel surely sent you to my Aid ;  
For now some dawning Rays of Hope appear,  
That chace away the Clouds of dark Despair.  
This Pause of Pain, and Interval of Grace,  
Shall be employ'd in Search of future Peace.  
Then guide and guard me to your noble Friend ;  
So may you never want this Aid you lend !  
And, as we travel, deign to let me know,  
To whom so many Thanks I justly owe ;

What

## 190 P O E M S

What hapless Fortune cast you on this Land,  
What Occupation here employs your Hand.  
Sweet Conversation may suspend my Care,  
Dispel my Grief, or make it less severe:  
So shall I easier reach the neighb'ring Town;  
And, list'ning to your Fate, forget my own.

THUS she ; and thus the pensive Dame replies :  
(With briny Drops distilling from her Eyes)  
Fain would I, lovely Nymph ! suspend your Care,  
Dispel your Grief, or make it less severe :  
But, where I all my Fortune to explain,  
'Twould not alleviate, but increase your Pain ;  
For in your Soul such Sparks of Nature glow,  
As make you share your Neighbour's Joy or Woe.  
The *Christian* Faith I secretly embrace,  
Tho' doom'd to dwell among a *Pagan* Race :  
*Trepanum* wasted all my Bloom of Life,  
Where long I liv'd, a Farmer's happy Wife :  
My careful, loving Husband till'd the Soil,  
Nor was the Field ungrateful to his Toil :  
For, ev'ry *Summer*, *CERES* crown'd the Plain ;  
Each *Autumn*, fill'd the Barn with golden Grain :

So thick the verdant Harvest yearly stood,  
The Meadows seem'd to groan beneath their Load,  
Our fleecy Flocks were fruitful of their Young,  
Hail were our Oxen, and our Horses strong ;  
Nor did our Kine of milky Produce fail,  
But with distended Udders fill'd the Pail.  
'Twas then, alas ! how often have I cry'd,  
I would not wish to be a Monarch's Bride !  
When all around my little Infants came,  
Hung on my Knees, and lisp'd their *Mama's* Name ;  
Or met their Father with the Ev'ning Ray,  
Embrac'd his Neck, and kiss'd his Cares away.  
Soon as their riper Age could Labour bear,  
We sent 'em forth to feed the fleecy Care ;  
Where often have we spent the *Summer's* Day,  
Charm'd to behold the wanton Cattle's Play.  
What Pleasure 'twas to see the skipping Lambs ?  
What Music, when they bleded for their Dams ?  
We thought our Joys could never be increas'd ;  
Love, Peace, and Plenty join'd to make us bless'd.  
But see how *Fortune* holds her fickle Reign !  
She raises up, to tumble down again :  
For now our Thread of Happiness was spun ;  
The Gains of twenty Years were lost in one.

\*Twas

‘Twas in the Season, when the verdant Mead  
Begins to ask the Mower’s crooked Blade ;  
Before the Wheat receives a yellow Stain,  
Or milky Juice is harden’d into Grain ;  
A Gale of Poison baleful EURUS cast ;  
The vernal Product ficken’d with the Blast ;  
Our Meadows straight a saffron Scene disclose,  
Our infant Apples quit the blighted Boughs ;  
Pease, Wheat, and Barley, wither’d in the Fields,  
And Nature one abortive Harvest yields :  
Nor stopt it here ; the flying Plague began  
To spread the Bane in Beasts, and thence to Man :  
First dy’d our Sheep upon the rufflet Plain,  
Next swell’d our Oxen with a fatal Blain ;  
Here tumbles, o’er her Meat, the moping Cow ;  
There drops the panting Horse before the Plough :  
At length the dire Contagion spread so wide,  
My Virgin Children made the Tomb their Bride.  
This Nature bore——But when our Landlord sent  
His Officers, to seize my Lord for Rent ;  
And he, to shun the Prison, flies the Shore ;  
Lists on the Sea, to tug the lab’ring Oar ?  
I wept, I rav’d, I curs’d the baleful Air ;  
And fled my native Land, but not my Care.

Thus,

Thus, banish'd here, a Widow, and a Wife,  
Condemn'd to suffer, not enjoy a Life,  
I toil for those, who catch the finny Prey ;  
The Toils are great, but very small the Pay !  
Their scaly Fry to Market oft I bear,  
Oft in the Ocean wash their thready Snare ;  
And then was washing, when, with great Surprize,  
You, and your floating Vessel, met my Eyes.

Now Heav'n defend us both ! the Nymph reply'd ;  
And can such Rage in *Christian* Minds reside ?  
What, could the curst, inhuman Tyrant wrest  
Thy tender Husband from thy loving Breast,  
When all thy Wealth was lost, thy Children dead ?  
O *Virtue ! Virtue !* whither art thou fled ?  
Why must such Evils on the Guiltless flow ?  
Ye Heav'ns ! is Innocence rewarded so ?

So spake the Nymph ; her Friend no more replies ;  
For now PRISCILLA's Dome attracts their Eyes :  
Approaching to her friendly Gate, they found  
The gen'rous Lady dealing Alms around  
To needy Souls, a hapless, helpless Crowd,  
Who daily bless'd her Hand for daily Food !

When thus CAPRESA : Hail, for ever bless'd !  
 'Tis Godlike thus to succour the Distress'd :  
 Yet none of these, who claim your *Christian* Aid,  
 Deserves it more than this unhappy Maid ;  
 Who once was bless'd with Fame and Riches too,  
 Tho' fickle Fortune now is turn'd her Foe ;  
 Unlike the Mendicants, who daily share  
 Your friendly Bounty, and maternal Care.

To whom the Lady, with a gracious Look,  
 That seem'd to breath Compassion, while she spoke :  
 Sure Decency forbids, a Guest so great  
 Should, undistinguish'd, with the Vulgar eat.  
 No ; deck my Table with the choicest Fare ;  
 The Nymph, with me, a kind Repast shall share ;  
 For, by her Looks, if Truth may be divin'd,  
 That lovely Body cloaths a lovely Mind.

SHE said, and CONSTANCE low Obeisance made ;  
 Then gladly follow'd, where PRISCILLA led.  
 Within the Gate a spacious Room she found,  
 Whose Walls were beautify'd with Tap'stry round ;  
 Where pious Tales appear'd, so lively wrought,  
 The Work seem'd vital, and the Figures Thought :

Here,

Here, in the Shade, the *Jewiſh* Patriarch stood,  
Feasting the Sons of Heav'n with earthly Food ;  
While, there, the good *Samaritan* confess'd  
His Kindness, and reproach'd the cruel *Priest* ;  
With many more, a charitable Band,  
The skilful Labour of *Priscilla's* Hand.

HITHER the Dame convey'd a sweet Repast ?  
Rich Meats, and rosy Wines the Tables grac'd :  
They eat, they drank, in pleasing Converse join'd ;  
And chear'd at once the Body and the Mind.  
The Call of Nature being soon suppreſt,  
Thus ſpake the Lady to her youthful Guest :

SAY, lovely Stranger ! (for I long to know ; . . .  
So may propitious Heav'n remove thy Woe !)  
Whence thus reduc'd ? By Famine, Sword, or Fire ?  
What Sire thy Beauty boasts, what Land thy Sire ?  
Perhaps some Princess, banish'd from her Home,  
Thus condescends to grace my rustic Dome :  
If ſo, I greatly fear, my homely Feast  
Has been unworthy of my Royal Guest.

SHE said, the Nymph unfolds her Tale again;  
 The prudent Dame attempts to sooth her Pain,  
 And thus reply'd: Tho' weighty are your Woes,  
 The weightiest Ill, with Patience, lighter grows:  
 Then bear with Patience all that Heav'n design'd,  
 Whose Ways are just, tho' difficult to find,  
 Plann'd for the gen'ral Good of human Kind.

God's Paths in winding Mazes often lie,  
 Too intricate for feeble Reason's Eye;  
 Most regular, when in Confusion lost;  
 Most constant, when they seem to vary most.  
 Perhaps his Mercy forc'd you thus to roam,  
 To shun a more unhappy Fate at home;  
 For with one Evil he removes a worse,  
 And blesses oft with what we think a Curse.

Then let your Soul at Fortune not repine;  
 But trust in Heav'n's Protection, next, in mine:  
 In me you still shall find a faithful Friend,  
 With whom, in Time, your Troubles all may end:  
 But, since you now are harrass'd out with Woes,  
 Refresh your weary Soul with sweet Repose;  
 And when you wake, at Morning, may you find  
 Heav'n's balmy Comfort heal your wounded Mind!

THUS

Thus chear'd, the Nymph obsequiously withdrew,  
And bath'd her Cares in Sleep's refreshing Dew ;  
Till PHOEBUS, rising from the Shades of Night,  
With rosy Keys unlock'd the Gates of Light :  
Bright as his Beams, arose the beauteous Maid ;  
And, to her Patroness returning, said :

WHAT Thanks, propitious Lady ! shall I give,  
For all the Godlike Bounties I receive ?  
O ! let my Silence thank you ; for I know,  
Words can't express the Gratitude I owe.

To whom replies the venerable Dame :  
No other Thanks, but Gratitude I claim :  
The Terms of Charity are never hard,  
Love and Compassion are their own Reward :  
A Soul, that succours Virtue, when distrest,  
Can with Reflection make a noble Feast ;  
Which nourishes the Mind, and overpays  
A gen'rous Deed with self-approving Praise.

Such was their Converse, till domestic Care  
Invites PRISCILLA from the youthful Fair ;

Who sat in pensive Solitude, and strove  
To soften, or suspend the Pains of Love.  
At length the Linen on her Knee she spread,  
And with her Needle mark'd the docile Thread.  
Young THYSBE's Fate she first began to frame ;  
But soon commits her Labour to the Flame :  
Next drew she HERO sinking in the Main ;  
Then raz'd the finish'd Image out again ;  
Both these displeas'd her, tho' judicious Art,  
And Rays of Nature shone in ev'ry Part.  
At length her own unhappy Tale she chose,  
And lively paints the Scene of all her Woes :  
Her charming FELIX first the Linen grac'd ;  
By whom her Father, frowning stern, she plac'd :  
Her Lover's Parting next to these appears ;  
(But, weeping here, she soil'd her Work with Tears)  
Next, on the Seas, she drew his floating Ship ;  
Next, her own Boat, slow-wand'ring on the Deep :  
By these she fix'd CAPRESA on the Strand,  
Who wak'd her first, and welcom'd her to Land :  
The good PRISCILLA last employ'd her Art,  
Whose Aspect spoke the Bounty of her Heart ;

Her

Her friendly Roof, a Refuge for the Poor,  
The Horn of Plenty, pendent o'er the Door,  
Diffusing Blessings still, and still increasing more.  
All these confess such Beauty, Skill, and Care,  
Not HELEN better wove the *Trojan* War,  
While HECTOR, PARIS, and their Martial Train,  
With *Grecian* Heroes battled on the Plain.

{

Here let us leave the lovely Nymph a-while,  
To pass her tedious Hours in pleasing Toil:  
Her absent Lover now my Song pursues,  
Whose valiant Deeds require a nobler Muse.

SWIFT-PINION'D FAME, which often babling flies,  
To bear unwelcome Truths, and oftner Lies,  
Had spread the ductile Error far and wide,  
How wand'ring FELIX perish'd in the Tide.  
But FELIX safely reach'd the *Thanic* Port,  
And soon arriv'd to Honours in the Court:  
His Wisdom there the wisest Peers excell'd;  
His Valour more surpass'd 'em in the Field.  
When first he to the Royal Palace came,  
An Accident occur'd to raise his Fame:

A noble Lord there was, of great Renown,  
 Rebell'd against the King, and claim'd his Crown ;  
 Great Preparations made he for the Fight ;  
 Nor less the Monarch, to defend his Right ;  
 But summon'd all, to meet the daring Foe,  
 Whose Strength could weild a Sword, or bend a Bow ;  
 And promis'd to reward their Martial Care,  
 With Honours equal to their Deeds in War.

Now rings the Region with the Foe's Alarms,  
 Terrific shines the Field with burnish'd Arms ;  
 The Martial Trumpet, sounding from afar,  
 With dreadful Notes, proclaims approaching War.  
 The Royal Army valiant FELIX join'd ;  
 Intrepid Courage animates his Mind :  
 Fix'd in the Front, the Foe he bravely dares,  
 Like PALLAS prudent, and as bold as MARS.  
 Say, Muse, what Goddess, that tremendous Hour,  
 Aided the Youth with such unusual Pow'r ?  
 Bright VENUS, conscious of the Lover's Smart,  
 Sharpen'd his Sword, and pointed ev'ry Dart :  
 Fierce, as a Lion, thro' the Lines he sprung,  
 And forc'd his Foes, like trembling Stags along.

As when restless Winds rush o'er the Deep,  
And from its Anchor force the driving Ship,  
Or furiously against the Woodland roar ;  
The leafy Harvest, tumbling, flies before :  
So rush'd the Hero on the adverse Band,  
So fled the Legions from his pow'rful Hand ;  
Till soon the rebel Lord he Pris'ner made,  
And to the King his captive Prize convey'd.

Now reaps the Youth the Glory of his Toil ;  
To him the Monarch gives the Martial Spoil,  
Rewards his Valour with a noble Post,  
And makes him first Commander of his Host.  
Thus, quickly *FELIX* gain'd a deathless Name ;  
Thus, was his Labour crown'd with Wealth and Fame .  
But Wealth and Fame insipid Things appear ;  
To give them Taste, he wants the lovely Fair ;  
The lovely Fair, opprest with equal Grief,  
To make her happy, wants the glorious Chief.

His Fame, which soon at *Susa* was reveal'd,  
(Heroic Actions seldom lie conceal'd).

With pleasing Wonder struck CONSTANTIA'S Ears,  
 And fill'd her doubtful Soul with Hopes and Fears :  
 For, tho' the wise PRISCILLA often strove  
 With prudent Counsel to suppress her Love ;  
 Her Love was only lessen'd, not suppress'd,  
 But glows again, again distracts her Breast.

As when, in rural Cots, the Flames aspire,  
 And lab'ring Peasants quench the mounting Fire  
 If Chance a latent Spark remain behind,  
 In heapy Ashes, fann'd with ambient Wind ;  
 The Fires again, with former Fury, rise,  
 Flame thro' the Roof, and flash into the Skies :  
 So in her Bosom glows the am'rous Fire,  
 And fills her tender Soul with soft Desire.  
 And is my FELIX yet alive ? she says ;  
 And is he crown'd with Wealth, and deathless Praise ?  
 No, no ; I fear the flatt'ring Tale deceives ;  
 Methinks I see him plunging in the Waves.  
 Ah ! why, ye Heav'ns, are feeble Mortals curst,  
 In Things uncertain, to believe the Worst ?  
 No ; rather let me see the Thun'ric Court ;  
 There, with my Eyes, confirm the blest Report :

*Hope* flies before, and points the pleasing Way;  
*Love* urges on, and *Love* I must obey.

So saying, to PRISCILLA straight she came,  
And with her Thoughts acquaints the pious Dame;  
The pious Dame, with tender Pity sway'd,  
Approves the Passion of the loving Maid;  
And, with CAPRESA, guards her to the Place,  
Resolv'd herself to view the Hero's Face,  
The Hero meets 'em at the Regal Gate,  
Array'd in Armour formidably great;  
For on that Morning, by the King's Command,  
The Chief was to review the Martial Band:  
His studded Chariot darted Splendor round,  
His stately Coursers, neighing, paw'd the Ground;  
The nodding Plumes around his Temples wave,  
With awful Grace, and beautifully brave.  
He knew th'approaching Nymph; but, in Surprize,  
The joyous Stream descended from his Eyes:  
The Nymph beheld the weeping Chief; nor knew,  
For what he wept, nor whom she came to view:  
His Martial Dress, bespangled o'er with Gold,  
The dreadful *Warrior*, not the *Lover*, told:

But,

But, when he cast the Helmet from his Head,  
 And thro' the Gates the blushing Damsel led ;  
 She knew her Lover, clasp'd him to her Breast,  
 While silent Eloquence her Joy confess'd :  
 The conscious Pains an absent Lover bears,  
 Despair, fallacious Hope, and anxious Fears,  
 For Want of Words, were painted with their Tears. }  
 And when, at length, their crystal Sluices ceas'd,  
 The joyful Hero thus the Nymph address'd :

Y E Gods ! and have I then my Charmer found ?  
 And are my Labours thus completely crown'd ?  
 Yes ! let me clasp thee to my longing Arms,  
 Drink in my Breath, and feed upon thy Charms.  
 As widow'd Turtles, roving round the Fields,  
 Thro' all the fruitful Stores, which Nature yields,  
 Curst in the midst of Plenty, cannot eat ;  
 But starve, lamenting for their absent Mate :  
 Thus have I been with Fame and Riches grac'd ;  
 Yet wanted thee to give my Riches Taste.  
 But say, how came this Wealth I wanted most ?  
 What brought my Love to this Barbarian Coast ?

He said ; and now the joyful Damsel spake ;  
The Dangers which she suffer'd for his sake ;  
Shews him the Dame, who found her on the Tide ;  
PRISCILLA too, who all her Wants supply'd :  
Then, prostrate, on her Knees before him bends,  
And begs him to reward her faithful Friends.  
The grateful Chief, by native Goodness sway'd,  
Embrac'd 'em both, and soon the Nymph obey'd ;  
But first before his royal Master came,  
And begs he may resign his Post of Fame :  
At which the Monarch frowns with awful Eyes ;  
Till FELIX straight, who saw his Passion rise,  
Falls on the Ground, and to his Master shows  
The various Scene of all his am'rous Woes.  
This heard, the King resumes his former Grace ;  
Love tun'd his Soul, and smooth'd his ruffled Face :  
He rais'd the Hero, bids the Nymph appear ;  
The Nymph approach'd him with a modest Fear ;  
Before his aweful Throne, submiss, she fell,  
And to him straight unfolds th'amazing Tale.  
Mute, on the Ground, a-while he fix'd his Eyes ;  
Then, Is the Force of Love so great ? he cries :

We falsely *Man* the World's Commander call ;  
*Thou*, mightier Monarch, *Love* ! commandest All :  
 Young AMMON's Self could not thy Pow'r confine ;  
 The *World* his Subject was, but *He* was *thine*.

T H E N, smiling, thus he chear'd the trembling Fair :  
 Henceforward, lovely Nymph, dismiss thy Care ;  
 For, since thy Love has conquer'd Wind and Sea,  
 Curst be the King, that's crueller than they !  
 Let HYMEN straight confirm the Marriage Ties ;  
 Thou justly hast deserv'd the Nuptial Prize.

T H I S said, he crown'd the Hero's Martial Care  
 With Riches far superior to the Fair :  
 Due Thanks return'd, they to PRISCILLA came,  
 Bestowing Gifts and Honours on the Dame :  
 CAPRESA next, with Age and Labour worn,  
 In comely Robes the grateful Pair adorn ;  
 With ample Wealth her former Bliss restor'd,  
 And from the Seas redeem'd her Nuptial Lord ;  
 Her Nuptial Lord again enjoys his Wife,  
 Again delightful Freedom crowns his Life ;  
 Till NATURE calls him to resign his Breath,  
 In honourable Age, and peaceful Death.

T H I S

THIS done, the loving Couple quit the Shore,  
And joyfully the destin'd Port explore ;  
While sportive NEREIDS round their Vessel play,  
And wanton CUPIDS hail them on their Way ;  
Rough THETIS' Self assumes a pleasing Smile,  
Glad to return them to their native Soil ;  
Where sacred HYMEN join'd their mutual Hands,  
And Heav'n, indulgent, bless'd their Nuptial Bands.



## Ad JOANNEM MILTONUM.

C E D E, Meles ; cedat depressa Mincius urna ;  
 Sebetus TASSUM desinat usque loqui :  
 At Thamefis viator cunctis ferat altior undas ;  
 Nam per te, MILTO, par tribus unus erit.

Epigramma JOANNIS SALSILLI Romani.

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## Thus Imitated.

L E T *Mincio* now in humble Waves subside ;  
 The *Mantuan* Swan no more supports his Pride ;  
 No more let *Miles* boast of *HOMER*'s Lays ;  
 No more *Sebetus* murmur *TASSO*'s Praise :  
 Since *Thames* can glory in our *MILTON*'s Name,  
*Thames* shall be equal to them all in Fame.

*An Imitation of the Tenth ODE of the  
Second Book of HORACE.*

*Restius vives, L I C I N I, neque altum  
Semper argendo, &c.*

*To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount PALMERSTON;*

**I**F we, my Lord, with easy Strife,  
Would pass this fickle Tide of Life;  
We must not always rashly sail  
With ev'ry light, inconstant Gale;  
Nor yet, at ev'ry Surge that roars,  
Too tim'rous, seek the craggy Shores.  
The Man who keeps the *Golden Mean*,  
Where raging Storms are seldom seen,  
Avoids the dang'rous Rocks and Pools,  
That fright the Wise, and swallow Fools;  
He's ne'er despis'd among the Crowd,  
Nor envy'd in the Court;  
But steers between the Base and Proud,  
To gain the peaceful Port.

While

While lofty Spires and Cedars fall,  
 Storm beaten, to the Plain,  
 The lowly Shrub, and humble Wall,  
 Are Proof to Wind and Rain ;  
 And Lightnings guiltless o'er the Cottage fly ;  
 But smite th'ambitious Hills, that, tow'ring, threat the Sky.

The steady Mind, that's truly great,  
 Surveys, unmov'd, the Turns of Fate :  
 If Wealth and Fame his Pride increase,  
 His Fears their Force controul ;  
 If adverse Fortune would depress,  
 Hope elevates his Soul ;  
 Because he knows, the Pow'r who brings  
 The *Winter* with its dreary Wings,  
 Can make the vernal Beauties grow,  
 And turn our Woe to Bliss, or Bliss to Woe.  
 If now on anxious Cares you feed,  
 A Feast of Joy may soon succeed,  
 To chear your pensive Mind.  
 With Times, our Tempers vary round ;  
 Nothing immutable is found,  
 But all to Change inclin'd.

Tho' POPE with Illness oft complains,  
POPE is not always rack'd with Pains;  
But, warm'd with PHOEBUS Fire,  
Sometimes he wakes the sleeping String,  
Or bids the silent Muses sing,  
And charms us with his Lyre.

Our Life's, at best, a chequer'd Scene,  
Of Health and Sickness, Mirth and Spleen:  
Yet, since we all must stem this Sea,  
Where Calm and Tempest dwell;  
Grieve not to steer the destin'd Way,  
But strive to pass it well:  
If adverse Storms begin to rave,  
Serenely view the foaming Wave,  
Collected in yourself, and resolutely brave.  
Or, if you find indulgent Gales  
Impel the Bark too fast,  
Wisely contract the swelling Sails,  
And check their rapid Haste;  
Lest, in your swift Career, the Ship  
Split on a Rock, and sink beneath the Deep.

{

*An*

## An IMITATION

Of the Sixteenth ODE

Of the Second Book of HORACE.

*Otium Divos rogat in patenti  
Prensus Ægeo, &c.*

## I.

THE trembling Merchant begs for Ease,  
When tost upon the foaming Seas;  
When frowning Clouds obscure the Skies,  
And dreadful Thunder roars, and Lightning flies.

## II.

For Ease the proud *Iberians* pray,  
When Martial Engines round 'em play;  
The mighty *Turk*, and *Perseus* too,  
Beg Heav'n for Ease, which Riches can't bestow.

## III. Nor

# On several Occasions. 213

## III.

Or silver Mines, or shining Gold,  
For all the Gems the *Indies* hold,  
For purple Robes, nor pompous State,  
Can cure the flutt'ring Cares, which vex the Great.

## IV.

HAPPY the Man, whose frugal Board  
Supplies the Wishes of its Lord;  
No Fears torment his quiet Breast,  
Nor did Av'rice breaks his grateful Rest.

## V.

Why should we so much Wealth desire,  
When Life so little will require?  
Why should we rove from Zone to Zone,  
And for another Climate change our own?

## VI.

Or those, who fly from Pole to Pole,  
Can fly the Cares, which rack the Soul;  
But, in remotest Regions, find,  
They leave their Country, not themselves, behind.

## VII. For,

## VII.

For, tho' we cross the briny Deep,  
 Corroding Care pursues the Ship;  
 It hunts the Horseman close behind,  
 More swift than Mountain Roes, or rapid Wind.

## VIII.

The Man, contented with his State,  
 Anticipates no evil Fate;  
 Tho' Fortune is inconstant still,  
 With what is good, he sweetens what is ill.

## IX.

The Draught of Life is mixt, at best;  
 There's none can be completely blest:  
 Some overlive their Pleasures here;  
 Some die, before they taste what Pleasures are.

## X.

Age, Wars, and Tumults, factious Hate,  
 Made \* COTTINGTON desire his Fate;  
 While tender † SHEFFIELD meets his Doom  
 Just in the Flow'r of Life, and youthful Bloom.

\* See CLARENCE'S History, Lib. 13.

† Late Duke of Buckingham.

XI.

All make their *Exit* soon or late ;  
And, if the Gods contract thy Date,  
The vital Hour, deny'd to thee,  
Their more indulgent Hand may give to me.

XII.

What tho' thy fruitful Pastures keep  
A hundred Flocks of bleating Sheep ?  
What tho' thy proud, exulting Mares  
Neigh, foam, and fly before thy gilded Cars ?

XIII.

Thy Board tho' twenty Dishes grace ?  
Thy Coat as many Yards of Lace ?  
I envy not the purple Dye,  
Nor all thy gaudy Pomp of Luxury.

XIV.

I share some Sparks of Phœbus' Fire,  
To warm my Breast, if not inspire ;  
Too little Wealth to make me proud,  
And Sense enough to scorn the envious Crowd.

## An IMITATION

Of the Sixteenth ODE

Of the Third Book of HORACE.

*Inclusam DANAEN turris abenea,  
Robustaque fores, &c.*

To the Reverend Mr. STANLEY.

**B**E LIEVE me, Sir, your Cost and Cares,  
Your Dogs and Locks, your Bolts and Bars,  
Your Palisades, and Walls of Brass,  
Are all too weak, when Gold attacks the Place.

A brazen Tow'r ACRISIUS rear'd;  
A brazen Tow'r, he thought, would guard  
His Daughter from the leach'rous Arms  
Of those who nightly sought her Charms;  
While surly Mastiff's watch'd the Dame,  
And thund'ring, told if Lovers came:  
These kept the Nymph from Gods and Men,  
Not Jove himself could enter in;  
Till VENUS (wondrous to behold!)  
Transform'd his Godship into Gold.

O STANLEY, STANLEY ! Gold has Pow'r

The sternest Heart to move,

To burst the Wall, or pierce the Tow'r,

Impervious ev'n to Jove.

Gold can the subtlest Head deceive,

Or Peace, or War can bring,

Buy Votes, raise *Gallic Arms*, and give

The *Polanders* a King.

*APOLLO* knew the Force of Gold,

When *PHILIP*'s Martial Fate he thus foretold :

“ The sharpest Lance of Steel may err,

“ So may the surest Bow ;

“ But know, O King, the *Golden Spear*

“ Will vanquish ev'ry Foe.”

The God's Advice the Prince pursu'd ;

He fought with Gold, and Gold subdu'd :

Whence some Historians say, 'twas *this*,

And not young *AMMON*'s Father, conquer'd *Greece*.

Gold has an absolute Command ;

It rules at Sea, as well as Land :

For, when two adverse Fleets engage,

And fiery Tubes displode their Rage ;

A Bribe can make their Thunder cease,

And hush the watry World to Peace.

Yet, notwithstanding all its Force,

It often brings the greatest Curse :

Vexatious Cares and Discontents

Increasing Gold attend ;

Desires enlarge, as Wealth augments,

For Av'rice knows no End.

We labour up the golden Hill with Pain ;

But ne'er surmount the tow'ring *Alps* of Gain.

O STANLEY, Honour of my Muse !

I fear, and justly fear,

To steer the Course Ambition shews,

Or soar beyond my Sphere.

He's poor, who always after Wealth aspires ;

He's rich, who always curbs his own Desires.

I more admire an humble Seat,

Than all the Pomps, which vex the Great ;

And from their gilded Roofs retire,

On *Isis'* Banks to tune my Lyre.

In this Retreat I'm nobler bless'd,

Then CROESUS o'er could be,

Than if (like Misers) I possess'd

*A wealthy Poverty.*

While favour'd by the best of Queens,  
Who all my Wants supplies ;  
While fragrant Groves, and flow'ry Scenes,  
Delight my Muse's Eyes ;  
My Fate a far superior Blessing brings,  
Than all the Pageantry of *Eastern* Kings.  
What tho' no Flocks, on *Richmond* Plain,  
With Fleeces deck my Pride ?  
What tho' I seldom drink *Champagne*,  
Or quaff the purple Tide ?  
If these I wanted, were your Bard to ask,  
I know, your gen'rous Soul would send a *Cask* ;

I make my Wants and Wealth agree ;  
I pay my Debts no worse than he,  
Who o'er the Seas extends his Reign,  
And adds all *Sicily* to *Spain*.  
Who covets most, is most in Need,  
And always rides a restless Steed,  
Which foams, and flies without Controul,  
Still seeks, but ne'er obtains the Goal.

Then happy those, whom Heav'n has bleſſ'd,  
 With what may Life ſustain ;  
 Nor are with pinching Want depreſſ'd,  
 Nor curſt with too much Gain :  
 For boundleſſ Weakh ne'er fills a boundleſſ Mind ;  
 The Man who ſtill pursues, is ſtill behind.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Felix, qui patriis ævum tranſegit in agris,  
 Ipsiſa domus puerum quem videt, ipſa ſenem, &c.*

*Imitated from C L A U D I A N.*

## I.

**H**O W bleſſ'd the Swain of *Bethnal-green*,  
 Who ne'er a Court beheld,  
 Nor ever rov'd beyond the Scene  
 Of his paternal Field !

## II.

B u r, where he prov'd the Go-cart's Aid,  
 He prov'd the Crutch's too ;  
 One only House his Mansion made,  
 Till Life (tho' late) withdrew.

## III. FALSE

III.

FALSE Fortune ne'er, with Smile or Frown,  
Or rais'd him, or deprest ;  
Her Frowns and Smiles were both unknown  
To his contented Breast.

IV.

THE Chance of Stocks he never try'd,  
Nor knew to buy or sell ;  
So 'scap'd the dreadful golden Tide,  
Where *South-Sea* Merchants fell.

V.

SKILL'D in no Business but his own,  
He shunn'd the noisy Bar ;  
Nor ever prov'd the smoky Town,  
But breath'd a purer Air.

VI.

NOR by *Lord Mayor's Day* he knew  
The rolling Year to bound ;  
Nor kept an Almanack to shew  
How Seasons vary'd round.

VII.

*He* *Summer* knew by Heat extreme,  
The *Winter* by its Cold ;  
*POMONA* shew'd when *Autumn* came,  
When *Spring*, gay *FLORA* told.

VIII.

*He* planted once an *Acorn* small,  
And liv'd to see it rise  
*A* mighty *Oak*, so wond'rous tall,  
It seem'd to prop the *Skies*.

IX.

*A* *ND*, by the *Shade* its *Branches* cast,  
Could he much truer know,  
*What* *Hour*, and *how* his *Moments* past,  
Than by the *Clock* of *Bow*.

X.

*T* *HO* *London* stood so near his *Cot*,  
He never mark'd the *Dowse* ;  
But thought *St. Paul's* as far remote,  
As *Peter's* *Church* at *Rome*.

XI.

Or *Isis* he was only told,  
But ne'er beheld her Streams ;  
Nor knew, but that the *Ganges* roll'd  
Near as the neighb'ring *Thames*.

XII.

Or Jellies, Creams, Ragous, and Tarts,  
His Stomach never thought ;  
A perfect Stranger to the Arts  
Luxurious Cooks have taught !

XIII.

Yet, with a simple Food supply'd,  
His Health was so entire,  
That when his antient Children dy'd,  
They left a youthful Sire.

XIV.

Let others search for golden Bliss  
On *India's* wealthy Shore ;  
Their Joys of Life are less than his,  
Their Labours ten times more.

## Of FRIENDSHIP.

To CELIA.

O CELIA! You, whose Rays of *friendly* Fire,  
 Constant as those of Nature, ne'er expire;  
 If in your Breast no weighty Cares you find,  
 Nor better Thoughts employ your gen'rous Mind;  
 Vouchsafe an Ear: These Numbers are your Due;  
 I sing of *Friendship*, and I sing to *You*:  
*Friendship*! a Theme, which all Mankind profess,  
 No Virtue more admire, none practise less;  
 For most have learn'd the *Grecian* \* Sage's Text,  
 " To love one Day, as if to hate the next."  
 They change, forsake, as serves their selfish Ends,  
 Nor are their Dresses vary'd more than Friends.

You therefore, who are worthy Friendship's Name,  
 And cherish in your Breast the genuine Flame,

\* Bias in CICERO *de Amic.* §. 16.

Attend to what a faithful Muse imparts,  
A Muse unpractis'd in fallacious Arts :  
Tho' young in Life, that Life has made ~~he~~ know,  
A friendly Aspect oft conceals a Foe ;  
That, tho' so many seeming Friends abound,  
For one that's true, a thousand false are found.

When first you strive a faithful Friend to find,  
Explore the secret Motives of his Mind ;  
Nor, rashly credulous, his Friendship trust,  
Before you know, what Passion rules him most :  
But, as a Horseman checks the Courser's Speed,  
Till he has try'd the Temper of his Steed ;  
So check the Reins of Friendship, till you prove,  
What sways the Person, Interest, or Love.

Avoid the Fop impertinently vain,  
And shun the Slave, who flatters you for Gain ;  
Beware of him, who sells you for a Jest ;  
But, most of all, beware the leaky Breast ;  
(Who hopes to keep the Wine the Season round,  
Must first be sure his Cask be sweet and sound)  
Nor should a formal Food your Friendship claim,  
Tho' Wealth and Honours dignify his Name.

Let Knaves and Fools in kindred Vices join ;  
 Chuse you a Friend, where Sense and Virtue shine ;  
 Whose Passions move by Reason's Rule alone,  
 Much better, if agreeing with your own.  
 The Hart and Lion at a Distance keep ;  
 Wolves company with Wolves, and Sheep with Sheep :  
 So we, by Nature's sympathetic Pow'rs,  
 M<sup>o</sup>st love those Tempers, that resemble ours.

Yet, if it be too difficult to find  
 A Friend so justly moulded to your Mind,  
 Among the virtuous Few select the best ;  
 And such is he, whose Failings are the least.  
 Let him a modest Freedom always claim,  
 To praise your Virtues, or your Vices blame ;  
 Nor be displeas'd his mild Reproof to hear ;  
 For Friends may often kindly be severe ;  
 The Best sometimes each other may controul,  
 Yet not destroy the Harmony of Soul.  
 Rough Notes in Music never should be found,  
 Except adapted to improve the Sound.

With mutual Faith the friendly Knot has ty'd,  
 And when that mutual Faith is truly try'd,

Prey not upon yourself; nor be opprest  
With conscious Pains, that struggle in your Breast:  
For, as the Flames, in *Aetna* closely pent,  
Convulse the Mountain, lab'ring for a Vent;  
Thus in the Soul uneasy Thoughts confin'd,  
For want of Passage, rack the suff'ring Mind.  
Unveil your Bosom to your other Part;  
Your Friend shall share the Burden of your Heart,  
Alleviate ev'ry Ill your Soul sustains,  
Double your Pleasures, and divide your Pains.

Be zealous for your Friends, whene'er you know  
Their Reputation censur'd by a Foe;  
Nor with a faint Excuse degrade your Friends;  
The Man, who coldly praises, discommends.  
Or, are they justly censur'd for a Crime?  
Reprove them mildly at some proper Time:  
In private chide all Failings which you find,  
In public praise the Beauties of their Mind;  
Place all their Virtues in the clearest Light,  
Omit their Faults, or touch them very slight;  
As Painters, when they draw a beauteous Face,  
Contract a Blemish, heighten ev'ry Grace.

NEITHER let Passion, Pride, or private Ends,  
 Or changing Fortune, make you change your Friends.  
 Who varies oft, a faithless Temper shows,  
 Or, at the best, ill Judgment, when he chose.  
 Some Persons with themselves so disagree,  
 They're fix'd to nothing but Inconstancy;  
 With each new Day, new Resolutions come,  
 Expel the former, and usurp their Room:  
 Succeeding Billows thus the foremost throng,  
 Tides roll on Tides, and Waves urge Waves along.  
 Not but we may with a new Friend engage,  
 Before we see an old one quit the Stage;  
 Yet should not think the new our old exceeds,  
 As \* Jockeys value most their youngest Steeds.  
 One Maxim will in Wine and Friendship hold,  
 Alike the better both for being old.

BUT must we then be bound in deathless Bands,  
 And still obey whate'er a Friend command?  
 Aid him to gain what he unjustly craves?  
 No—Leave the Man, who Truth and Virtue leaves.

\* *Ut equis vetulis teneros anteponere solemus-----Veterrima  
 quæque (ut ea vina, quæ virtutatem ferunt) esse debent suavissima.*  
*Cic. de Amic. §. 19.*

Should

Should furious CATILINE some Plot devise,  
To ruin Thousands, that himself might rise ;  
The Laws of Honour, Truth, and Conscience show,  
'Tis Friendship to the World to be his Foe.  
Or, should a Friend basely betray his Trust,  
To pardon him were to yourself unjust :  
For, \* as the Wool, with Crimson colour'd o'er,  
Never acquires its native Whiteness more ;  
So he who breaks his Faith, will ne'er obtain  
Your Credit, nor his Innocence again.  
If otherwise he disoblige his Friends,  
(For where's the perfect Man, who ne'er offends ?)  
Try if his Ear will kind Reproof endure ;  
And, if the Balm of Counsel work a Cure,  
O'erlook the Failure : All offend, and live ;  
Let Foes resent a Trespass, Friends forgive.  
Yet let the pardon'd Friend not, many times,  
Proceed in Folly, and repeat his Crimes.  
Tho' purest Gold a vast Extent will bear,  
Yet purest Gold will break, if stretch'd too far.

• *Neque amissos colores  
Lana refert medicata fuco ;  
Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,  
Curat reponi deterioribus.* Hor. Ode 5. Lib. III.

And

And Friends may bear some Slips from Wisdom's Rule;  
But who can pardon the persisting Fool?

\* AMONG the various Causes, that conspire  
To cool our Love, and quench the friendly Fire,  
Vile *Avarice* assumes the greatest Pow'r,  
A God which base ignoble Souls adore:  
To please him, a Tide of broken Vows  
(Needful Libations!) on his Altar flows:  
Yet, never satisfy'd, he craves for more;  
And keeps his Votaries, in Plenty, poor:  
Who worships him, will break the friendly Band,  
Whene'er the sordid, selfish God commands.

OTHERS there are, induc'd by thirst of Praise,  
(And ev'n the greatest Men this Passion sways)  
Who quit their Friends for Honours of the Stage,  
And turn their Love into the rankest Hate.  
Nor is it Wonder these desert their Friends,  
Since all are Foes, who will not serve their Ends.

\* *Pestem enim majorem esse nullam in amicitiis, quam in plerisque pecuniae cupiditatibus, in optimis quibusque honoris certamen & gloria, ex quo inimicitias maximas sive inter amicissimos extitisse.* Cic. de Amic. §. 10.

For wild Ambition like a Torrent roars,  
Which, when obstructed, climbs th'opposing Shores ;  
Till to the Top the lab'ring Flood attains,  
Swells o'er the Banks, and foams along the Plains.  
Not but we may an honest Fame embrace ;  
Nay, Friends should aid us in the glorious Chase.  
Man has some Principle of heav'nly Fire,  
That warms his Breast, and prompts him to aspire ;  
Wakes him to Actions of superior Kind,  
And keeps alive the Faculties of Mind ;  
For Sloth begets a Lethargy of Soul,  
As Want of Motion taints the clearest Pool :  
Yet, if, too fond and covetous of Fame,  
We blow that native Spark into a Flame,  
It quickly rises to a fiery Storm,  
And burns the Fabric 'twas design'd to warm.  
What Bands of Nature can restrain its Course ?  
What friendly Offices suppress its Force ?  
See how its Rage the young \* *Namidian* fires,  
The worst of Children to the best of Sires !  
Deep, thro' his Brother's Blood, he wades his Way,  
And leaps o'er *Gratitude* to *Regal Sway*.

• JUGUATHA.

Young

Young CÆSAR's *Tutor* by his *Pupil* dies,  
 While TULLY falls by him he help'd to rise ;  
*Friends, Fathers, Brothers, Uncles*, yield to Fate,  
 To make three *Tyrants* infamously great !

O ! grant me, gracious Heav'n, where-e'er I go,  
 To be a faithful Friend, or gen'rous Foe ;  
 Nor let me pant so much for empty Praise,  
 As to obtain it by dishonest Ways ;  
 Nor wrong my Friend, tho' 'twere to gain a Throne ;  
 Nor ruin others Fame to raise my own..

He who is only learn'd in Books, will find  
 A harder Lesson, when he learns Mankind ;  
 A Volume gilded o'er with smiling Art,  
 Where few can read the Meaning of the Heart.  
 We often take our Flatterers for Friends ;  
 One would suspect the Man who still commends ;  
 Who, like the Sharper in the *Roman* Play,  
 Or right or wrong, affents to all you say ;  
 Bends here or there, which way his Lord's inclin'd,  
 As Reeds submit to ev'ry diff'rent Wind.  
 Nor is it strange such Parasites prevail,  
 When greedy Ears devour the flatt'ring Tale :

While

While **THRASO** loves to hear his Praises told,  
**GNATHO** will *give* him *Praise*, and *take* his *Gold*.  
But you, who walk by Wisdom's safer Rules,  
(For 'twere but Labour lost to counsel Fools)  
Detest the Wretch, who ne'er can Courage find  
To speak the genuine Dictates of his Mind;  
But, like the *Syrens* sweet, pernicious Song;  
At once would charm and ruin with his Tongue.

Y<sup>E</sup>R some there are, in social Bands ally'd,  
Who, with blunt Truths, err on the other Side;  
Void of Good-nature, and Good-breeding too,  
They sourly censure every Thing you do.  
O! never flatter ev'n a Monarch's Pride,  
Nor, with the Sternness of a *Cynic*, chide;  
But, when you would an erring Friend reprove,  
Let gentle Cautions shew, the Motive's Love:  
Do not begin with Rashness to exclaim;  
But rather hint the Fault, before you blame.  
'Tis not enough your Admonition's just;  
Prudence must guide it, or the Labour's lost:  
Friends should allure, and charm us into Sense:  
Harsh Counsels not reform, but give Offence.

Nature, impatient of severe Reproof,  
 Loves mild Instruction, but abhors the rough :  
 As Fruits and Flow'rs improve with gentle Rain :  
 But fade, if rapid Storms o'erflow the Plain.

SOME Men are Friends, when Fortune fills the Sails,  
 And wafts you on with favourable Gales ;  
 But quit the tott'ring Ship, and make the Shore ;  
 When Storms descend, and adverse Surges roar.  
 Long as in *Credit, Pow'r, or Place* you stand,  
 Their fawning, formal Friendship you command :  
 With twenty *Squeezes*, and a hundred *Bows*,  
 As many *Compliments*, as many *Vows*,  
 They swear your Interest shall be their own,  
 And wish the Time to make it better known ;  
 Like false hot Coursers, waiting for the Chase,  
 Which foam, and neigh, and proudly spurn the Graft,  
 Intent to run ; but droop their jaded Crest,  
 And fail you most, when most you want their Haste.

WE make a Prostitute of *Friendship's* Name,  
 If only *Complaisance* supports our Claim.  
 And yet there are, of this polite Degree,  
 Who treat you still with *forc'd Civility* ;

In each obliging Art so well refin'd,  
Tho' ever false, they never seem unkind.  
Not that my Muse would Decency offend ;  
For 'tis Good-breeding polishes a Friend :  
Nor shines it less, with *Truth* and *Virtue* join'd,  
Than comely Features with a noble Mind :  
But those, whose Friendships most in Speeches dwell,  
Neglect the Fruit, and trifle with the Shell.  
True Friendship more intrinsic Worth affords,  
Defin'd by Actions better than by Words ;  
A warm Affection, that can never cool,  
Concord of Mind, and Music of the Soul ;  
Which tunes the jarring Strings of Life to Love,  
Shews Men below, how Angels live above.  
There are in Friendship such attractive Charms,  
It draws Esteem from those it never warms.  
See how \* *PACUVIUS*' tragic Scenes could move  
The People's Praises with fictitious Love !

\* *Qui clamores tota carna nuper in hospitis & amici mei M. Pacuvii nova fabula, cum, ignorante rege, uter eorum esset Orestes, Pylades Orestem se esse diceret, ut pro illo necaretur ; Orestes autem, ita ut erat, Orestem se esse perseveraret ? Stantes plaudebant in re ficta : quid arbitramur in vera fuisse facturos ? Cic. de Amic. §. 7.*

When on the Stage two doubtful Princes strive,  
 Each seeking Death, to keep his Friend alive:  
 Now PYLADES deceives the Monarch's Eye;  
 Faithful, yet fraudulent, resolves to die:  
 ORESTES now displays the friendly Cheat,  
 Invites the threat'ning Sword, and courts his Fate.  
 Mov'd with their gen'rous Love, the Audience rose;  
 With social Flame each changing Bosom glows;  
 All feel the sacred Pow'r of Friendship's Laws,  
 And the Stage rocks, and thunders with Applause.

I know the Muse may give to some Offence;  
 (Tho' rather Men of Wit, than Men of Sense).  
 Whose Counsel is; " Be not engag'd too far;  
 " The greatest Friendship brings the greatest Care:  
 " Our own Concerns have Plagues enough in Store;  
 " Who joins in Friendship, only makes 'em more:  
 " The Cares and Troubles, which your Friend endures,  
 " Are all by Sympathy adopted your's."

WHAT base, ungen'rous, selfish Souls are these?  
 Mere Quacks, who turn ev'n Health into Disease;  
 And but the darkest Side of Friendship find,  
 To all its radiant Beams and Beauties blind.

Two faithful Friends, in any State, may gain  
Comfort to heighten Joy, or lessen Pain :  
If weighty Cares the penive Mind invade,  
They make the Burden light with mutual Aid ;  
If Profit, or if Pleasure chears the Soul,  
The Blessings common, each enjoys the Whole :  
If Busines calls them to some distant Place,  
Swift-pinion'd Love contracts the lengthen'd Space ;  
Each keeps the other's Image in his Breast,  
As Wax preserves the Form a Seal imprest.

HAIL, sacred *Friendship* ! by whose chearing Ray  
All Joys increase, without it fade away :  
Ev'n Hymen's Torch, tho' burning e'er so bright,  
Aided by *Friendship*, shines with double Light.  
This you, O CELIA ! by Experience find,  
Whose *nuptial Friend* lives always in your Mind :  
No Length of Time, no Distance, ever raz'd  
His lovely Idea from your tender Breast :  
Your friendly Flame admits of no Decays,  
But glows, unclouded, with augmented Rays,  
And makes your bridal Lamp much brighter blaze.  
That faint, pale, languid Lamp, in Age, expires ;  
Except 'tis fed with *Friendship's* constant Fires :

Theſe



See! fragrant Beauties deck the Green,  
The Branches bloom Delight ;  
Gay FLORA paints the verdant Scene,  
To charm your Consort's Sight.

Hear! how the feather'd warbling Throng  
Congratulate your FAIR !  
Not more melodious was their Song  
To the *first wedded Pair.*

That Pair, in *Eden*, ne'er repos'd  
Where Groves more lovely grew ;  
Those Groves, in *Eden*, ne'er inclos'd  
A lovelier PAIR, than Y O U.

Y O U ! happier than the former Two,  
Have nobler Tasks assign'd :  
'Twas *Theirs* to curse the World ; but Y O U  
Were born to *bless* Mankind.



